

# THE LIGUORIAN



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*According to the Spirit of St.  
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Beneath the white veil Thou dost wear,  
Fall dark cascades of chestnut hair.

Upon Thy brow of marbled snow,  
Sereneties of Heaven glow.

Twin stars agleam in wondrous skies—  
The serious splendor of Thine eyes.

The oval contour of Thy face  
Is vested with all queenly grace.

Soft beauty on Thy cheek doth glow,  
Like dawn light on a fall of snow.

White as the fires of chastity,  
The falling folds that vesture Thee.

Deep as the blue of inland sea  
The flowing band that cinctures Thee.

My Lady spurns with Her light shoon,  
The radiant rondure of the moon.

My Lady's eyes see wondrous things;  
She hears the beat of Seraph's wings.—

Wind sighs to star upon the night,—  
I dream Thee, Lady dressed in white.

— R. J. Hearn, C.Ss.R.

# **FATHER TIM CASEY**

## **REMEDY FOR WASTED TIME**

**C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.**

“**A**CCORDING to what you said, Father, it would seem to be up to us to get a line on our sports and things, wouldn't it, Father?”

Gabriella Flanders must have imagined her companions were mind readers or that they were bound to be thinking about the same thing as herself. She put her question abruptly, without preface or explanation, the moment they stopped for a breathing spell in the strenuous work of checking off the bazaar tickets.

“According to what I said?” The priest looked at her blankly. “When? Where? Apropos of what?”

“New Year's Eve—in St. Mary's Club Rooms. *You* know: all that spiel about wasting time—our time is not ours—it is God's—He only lends it to us, like the man in the Gospel lent the talents to his servants—we dassen't use even one teeny, weeny little moment just as *we* please—we must use every moment as God pleases—that is, we must do only things that are good, or at least innocent—do them with a good intention—do them in the state of grace.”

“Oh, Father, please do something for that girl,” cried Fanny Blessig. “She hasn't talked about anything else since New Year's Eve. She queers every party, blurting out right in the midst of the fun: ‘Say, folks, I wonder aren't we abusing time.’ She'll have us all batty. Why last night we girls dropped in at Delizia Hogan's for a little gossip, and didn't Gaby harp on the everlasting question until she had us all sitting there moping and wondering whether we were wasting time.”

“Didn't I tell you plainly that a reasonable and moderate amount of relaxation is good, and therefore, when it is taken with a good intention, it is as acceptable to God as a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.”

“But are we exceeding a reasonable and moderate amount? That is the doubt that always comes up just when I am beginning to relish a jamboree—and takes all the kick out of it,” Gabriella wailed.

"Well, how much time do you give to relaxation?" the priest inquired.

"Some days not so much, other days a good deal, and once in a while a whole lot."

"I thank you, Miss Flanders." The priest bowed his acknowledgments. "Your answer is so crystal clear!"

"Dumb and dumber," was Gabriella's verdict of self-condemnation. And Ann Wigglesworth assisted by murmuring: "And nothing can be done about it."

A moment later, however, Gabriella was back in the play: "Listen, Father. I know my answer to your question was as clear—as clear as mud. But what else can I say? My whole life is just about that clear."

"You will never make it any clearer, either to yourself or to others, so long as you float around in generalities. Come down to definite, concrete facts. Tell us exactly how much time you devoted to recreation on a given day—yesterday, for instance."

"Yesterday was Sunday—the first Sunday after New Year's, and I was going to spend it so well. Because I want to please God—cross my heart, I do. Well, I set the alarm for six o'clock. When it went off, I thought: 'Oh, what's the use! There's a whole long day before me, and I haven't planned a thing—besides, I don't feel any too peppy—think I really need some more sleep.' I finally did get up and go to church. Thought I'd stay for two Masses. But after the eight, I decided to go home and get my coffee and then come back again. I like that sermon at the eleven-thirty. It is short, clean-cut, and always packs a wallop. I took to dawdling over breakfast and the Sunday paper. It got late. I'd been to Mass—so I didn't go back. In the aft, I half-intended a visit to the hospital. On the car I saw the announcement of that new play at the Empire and went there instead. I meant to spend the evening reading that life of St. Thomas More you lent me. It's great—makes me feel I'd like to do something worthwhile for God too. Fanny called up—asked what I was doing—I said, nothing. We went over to Hogan's and had that funeral session she just told you about. When I got home I was so disgusted with the way I had wasted my whole Sunday, I said only half my night prayers and went to bed. The end of a perfect day! The end of a perfect dud."

"That's the thing, Gabriella," said the priest. "Now we have something definite to work on."

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"Okey doke. Go ahead and work. Hold me up as a horrifying example of wasted time."

"We do not need Gaby Flanders' horrifying example," Ann Wigglesworth protested. "We can match it with as wretched or worse."

"That is bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, Father, it is just *too* bad."

"And yet I believe you girls are honest when you say you do not want to squander a moment of God's precious time."

"Yes, Father, we are."

"Because, if you simply didn't care—if you had no higher ambition than to just get by—avoiding mortal sin and escaping hell—and, after that, you didn't care how much you abused God's loving gifts—"

"Oh, Father, but we do."

"Then it will not be 'a waste of time' for me to tell you the remedy for your failures."

"Is there a remedy—a real remedy?"

"An unfailing remedy—attested as such by everybody, without exception, who has ever given it a fair trial."

"Father, what is it?"

"A RULE OF LIFE."

"What's a rule of life?"

"A rule of life is—is—a rule of life. A rule by which you regulate your life. You make a rule for yourself—what time you will get up—what prayers you will say and when—what time you will set out for the office—how you will spend noon hour—what you will do each evening—how much time each week you will devote to relaxation, to charitable or parish work, to your own personal occupations, to study, to useful or pious reading—above all, what time you say your night prayers and go to bed."

Seeing only too clearly his unfailing remedy failed to arouse any wild enthusiasm among his hearers, Father Casey hastened to explain. "Nobody can make solid and permanent progress in the love of God without a rule of life. We have just heard how Gabriella Flanders, despite all her good will, wasted her day yesterday. You all admit that you could tell the same sad story of your own day. The moments you threw away will never return. The graces God had intended to attach to each of these moments, well employed, are lost forever. God's loving plan for you, in this world and in the next, has been to some extent frustrated.

The reason for this unfortunate failure was not want of good will, it was lack of a rule of life."

"Father, I cannot see how a rule of life would have changed it very much."

"Take a concrete case, and you *will* see. Take Gaby, for instance."

"As usual—I've got to be the frinstance," pouted Gabriella.

"If her rule of life called for getting up at 6:30 on Sundays, she would have *got* up. If it called for Mass and Communion at eight, breakfast and the Sunday paper from 9:15 to 10:15, another Mass (when possible) at 11:30, she would have done just that. If it assigned that Sunday afternoon for a visit to the hospital, she would have gone, not just 'half-intended' to go. On the other hand, if it had assigned that Sunday afternoon and evening to relaxation, she would have gone to the show yesterday after dinner and gossiped with her chums at Delizia Hogan's last night, and thoroughly enjoyed both, because she would have known that these little pleasures were within the bounds of reasonable and moderate relaxation and therefore just as pleasing to God as her Mass and Communion in the morning. Now, can't you see that, if you desire to grow in peace and strength of soul and love of God, you must have a rule of life?"

"Father Casey, you can make anything look right while you are urging it. But—but—from what I have heard of my grandmammy, she was a saint, and I am sure she never had a rule of life."

"From what I have heard of your grandmammy, Gaby, she had—a rule of life more minute and exacting than that of any monk in his monastery. It was drawn up for her by her eleven children and her invalid father. It called for 18 or 20 hours daily work, sanctified by almost continuous prayer. The 4 or 5 hours sleep or the rare half-hour's gossip she was able to enjoy, was so clearly within the limits of reasonable and moderate relaxation that she never had a shadow of a doubt about it. Different times call for different methods. You girls are all doing 8 hours a day in an office. There are plenty of other things you ought to be doing during your long evenings, your Saturday afternoons and Sundays. But, unless you have a rule of life, a great deal of this time will be spent unsatisfactorily or downright wasted."

"That 'fixed hour for rising' is where I would fall down on the job," Fanny Blessig confessed.

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"Not if you observed that more important rule—a fixed hour for saying night prayers and going to bed."

"How in the world can I have a fixed hour for going to bed! Tonight it is a dance, tomorrow night, a show, the next night, a party, and the next, just hanging around at our house or Hogan's or over at St. Mary's Club Rooms."

"Which shows that you are far exceeding the limits of reasonable and moderate relaxation. That is the very first thing you must correct before you can even think of making progress in the love of God."

"Aw, Father, we have to have some fun."

"How many times have I said you have to have some fun—a reasonable and moderate amount. Decide, once for all, how much is reasonable and moderate. Take that with a clear conscience, and enjoy it to the full. But don't leave the decision to the whim and caprice of the moment."

"I can picture myself drawing up a rule of life," said Gabriella. "I'd get so befuddled before I was half through that I'd have a canipitation fit."

"But Father Casey will give us some idea how to go about it, won't you, Father?"

"Gladly. First of all, I warn you not to go into too many details, at least not in the beginning. Have a few points definitely fixed, the rest only approximately. Fix the exact time for rising and for going to bed—the hour for daily Mass and Communion—a five minutes visit to a nearby church at lunch time—on your way home from work, a half-hour in church to say the rosary and read a few pages from the Imitation of Christ. Then determine about how many evenings each week you will devote to relaxation, how many to work, reading, or study. Allow yourself, say, one night each week for a late party. Sleep later the morning afterwards and go directly to the office without Mass or Communion. This will cause no loss of grace because it is the result of prudent foresight, not of fickleness or tepidity."

"Father, would it be too much trouble—if I draw up a plan—would it be too much trouble for you to take a look at it?"

"On the contrary, it would be my duty. I was just about to say you should never begin to follow a plan of life without first submitting it to your Confessor or Spiritual Director. He will take care to see

that it is prudent, that it fits in with your duties towards your family, that it is adapted to your character and circumstances."

"My people will get the shock of their lives when they see Gaby begin to follow a rule of life—poor Gaby who never followed a rule in anything since she was born," this young lady cheerfully informed the company.

"My dear Gabriella, spiritual progress does not go by shocks. Indeed shocks are to be avoided as far as possible. Begin very gradually with just one or the other point, for example, daily Mass and Communion. Add the other points little by little, accordingly as you test your strength and your generosity and your Confessor consents. If something you have begun seems, after trial, to be unsuited for you, do not hesitate a moment to consult your Confessor about changing it."

"It all looks so reasonable," said Fanny, "but I dread the thought of *binding* myself. One never knows what might turn up, and it might prove dreadfully awkward to be bound by a hard and fast rule."

"It does not bind you—get that clearly into your head—a rule of life is intended, not to bind you, but to guide you. Use your common sense in applying it. Whenever circumstances warrant making an exception in your rule, do not hesitate one instant in making the exception. But—and I think you all need this warning more than the other—do not make exceptions when there is no good reason. Do not make so many exceptions that your rule of life turns out to be a mere pious fraud. Therefore you ought to examine yourself a minute or two every night to see how you have observed it and also when you are preparing for Confession. Not that you sin by neglecting your rule—not that at all—but to make sure that you are not—not—"

"Not kidding ourselves," suggested Gaby, the new seeker after sanctity.

#### THE DECEIVER

St. Martin, a hermit with a wide reputation for sanctity, once received a visit from another hermit named Avit. He determined to prove to Avit that he was not nearly so holy as people imagined him to be, so he ordered a companion monk to set out an early morning meal.

When Avit awoke, he found St. Martin standing by the table. "You see," said the saint, contriving to look ashamed and confused at being discovered, "I have been deceiving you. You imagined me to be a mortified man, and here you see me eating rich food, just like any worldling."

## OPEN LETTER

### *On A Matter of Privilege*

You are not eligible to read this letter unless you are a millionaire. You are not eligible, even, if you are just barely a millionaire—with one skimpy million or a little over to your credit. Nor are you eligible if you have not drunk deep draughts of the spirit of Christian fortitude and zeal and self-denial. If you fulfill these requirements—read on; if not, stop now; read no further.

If you are such a millionaire, you are hereby ordered to sign over one million dollars for the establishment of a daily Catholic newspaper. One million, expert opinions agree, will be enough. You need not make it any more. But one million is necessary, and you shall have the privilege of handing it over, unattached, unstrung, unconditioned in any way.

True, some experts claim that a Daily Catholic newspaper, on a large scale, is an impractical, impolitic, immature, impossible dream. Tish on such experts. Also tosh. We are going to start this paper in the great metropolitan area of the middle west—centered in Chicago or Milwaukee, serving both these huge markets and all the area round about and in between. We are going to hire the best journalists in the country—steal them from other daily papers, if necessary, and if they will fit into our scheme. We are going to use every agency and news-service in the field to make this paper the A-1 newspaper in the land. Before a year is out, we'll have people clamoring for it in the streets as well as demanding it in their homes.

Just one further thing for you to note: don't ask for any publicity from your million. Your name is to be kept secret. After a year or so the million will probably become productive; but the earnings are either to go back into the paper or to be given to the poor.

Who knows—this middle west daily may start something. It may even wake up great Catholic centers like New York and Boston and Providence, etc., where there are countless Catholics within a stone's throw of an editor and capital to burn—but no editor or capital as yet found. Who knows?

Yours in faith, hope and charity,

*Pertinax Pertinacius.*

P. S.—Now, you non-millionaires who have disregarded the above command and read this far, you might, for your punishment, try promoting the Catholic weeklies and monthlies until the new Catholic Daily is on its feet.— P. P.

## THE BROWNS

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You may smile — and you may weep — as you read this story, which is taken from life; but best of all, it will make you grateful.

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E. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

**M**R. BROWN, soft-spoken, tall, immaculately tailored, and Mrs. Brown, majestic in bearing and haughty in demeanor, were a very modern couple. They were conscientious "First Nighters," cliff dwellers in the sense of swanky apartment dwellers, and ardent devotees of high balls and cocktails before which they paid fervent homage upon beginning and finishing every act, whether it was the act of coming or the act of going or the act of merely sitting down and doing nothing. They subscribed to all the advanced periodicals, held membership in a dozen "New Thought" clubs, and never missed a lecture that symbolically pointed towards the rising sun as the goal of all endeavor.

Their doors were ever open to the intelligentsia — long haired poets who wrote intricate and involved verse about such fresh ideas as suicide, but who, we grieve to say, never did anything about it; sad-eyed and sunken-cheeked artists who painted pictures that were said to represent the stretchings of the subconscious for better and higher things but which in reality resembled nightmares; and breezy novelists who labored under the impression that life meant sin and sin meant life and what was the use of writing about life at all unless one wrote about sin. Only, of course, they did not use the word sin; they had a much fancier name. Neither did they write about those dull and drab sins like stealing and killing, but only about the daring, even dainty, sins that tease the fancy and belong in the drain pipe as food for the rats and the other vermin located there. These, plus Fascists, Communists, Theosophists, and Buddhists, all made up the brilliant circle that embraced the Browns, and fitted in perfectly with the appointments of their apartment, which for modernity, were fully one hundred years ahead of anything yet seen or even imagined.

One child adorned the household — only one child (two would have been a nuisance, and more than two, heaven forbid, would have merited

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the name of brats) — Advent by name, a girl, fourteen years old, and as beautiful as a fairy. Her parents hardly knew her beyond her name, for they saw but little of her. When she was home from the up-to-the-minute boarding school on vacation, they were too busy providing for a brighter future for other people's children than to worry about the future or even the present of their own. And so she went her way, and thought and did what she pleased. She disliked liquor, and as the parties held in the apartment wallowed in liquor, she never attended them. Her parents called such conduct a throwback; but the truth was, they were distasteful to her, and reminded her of a movie she had one time seen that had something to do with whiskers and Russia. She had her own thoughts and kept them to herself.

AND SO the modernistic Browns marched down through life, untrammelled by inhibitions, and as simple as the cowslip that they, as earnest inquirers, had once heard lectured on in dulcet tones by Profesor Behemothski at the Academy of Cultural Genetics. It is true, their living might be depicted as a series of interludes between headaches. But what is a headache when there is so much to be learned and done? And besides, only a reactionary would decry a little refreshment now and then to lubricate the mind when genius gathers to discuss the New Dawn, even though the cost is an aching head and sour stomach the morning after.

In such a fetid atmosphere it seems quite improbable that there should linger the aroma of God, at least of the true God. Wotan and Thor and Pan, and all the gods of the Greeks and Romans with all they symbolized could and did hover near. But not the God of Creation. There is an old saying amongst ancient saints that this God is not to be found in the whirlwind and in the storm. An equally sound saying could be promoted that neither is this God to be found in the Manhattan or the Martini or even the innocuous and innocent Scotch and water, especially when such libations become a sea on which the major things of life are floated. It seems more than likely that the real God, looking down from the clear and healthy air of heaven to the smoke-filled rooms, listening to the futuristic fatalism that fell from thickened tongues, and then following the party from one night club to the other where more liquor was consumed and more cigarettes smoked and added entertainment given in the form of floor shows that would do honor to

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the floor—that is, the bottom-most floor—of hell—I say, it seems more than likely that God should take but one look, and then summoning Michael or Gabriel, or whoever keeps the books, give the command: “That’s too much to bear. Cross them from the list.” And yet the aroma of God did linger in those rooms. God is love and the proof that his love is the real thing can be adduced from the fact that it embraced the Browns. Nobody else’s could—nobody else’s but God’s. He wanted them, and like the Hound of Heaven, He tracked them down.

MR. BROWN was walking the streets one night, or rather one morning, after an evening turned over to feasting and philosophy, in order to catch a few breaths of air before attempting to catch a few winks of sleep. The streets along which he walked were deserted except for an occasional taxi that leaped suddenly out of the darkness and just as quickly back into it again as though the patch of light through which it came were but a stage for a momentary appearance; it was a damp and foggy night, silent as a graveyard that is lined with high and stately tombs, and heavy with mystery. It was the counterpart of Mr. Brown’s mood as he trudged along wearily, his footsteps echoing hollowly on the pavement.

For Mr. Brown was laboring under two major difficulties. His head ached with persistent throbbing, and his mouth felt as though it had been put through a wringer and squeezed dry. Besides that, he felt an ache inside—just exactly where he did not know—but definitely inside. He felt lonely, lonely for someone or something to lean against instead of the shows that up till now had been his pillars. Through the fumes of his befogged brain he saw like a light the assinity of everything that he had thought worth while in his life—pseudo artists, artificial living, immoral standards, worldly sophistication. They draped themselves about him like phantom ghosts with monstrous heads and corpse-like bodies, and leered and smirked and dared him cast them off. Oh, he would take the dare, if he could find something better to replace them. But could he? He shook his head, and hastened his step to leave behind what had turned out to be a morbid dream. “Perhaps I’d better drop in someplace and have a drink,” he told himself, “and snap out of this.” He saw the lights that marked a tavern straight ahead, and directed his steps towards it. Just then he heard the crash.

MRS. BROWN sat on a red-upholstered, dragon-shaped, steel chair amidst the ruin and wreckage of the evening's orgy. Truly did it seem as though a barbarian army had just marched through and left only the traces of its barbarism. There were cigarettes still burning in trays, and cigarettes like incense urns sending forth curling spirals of smoke from the oriental rugs upon the floor. Empty glasses, half empty glasses, the bits of smashed glasses littered every conceivable corner of the room, and little streams of liquid ran dizzily across the angular tables, or gathered in stagnant pools at the edges.

The air was thick enough to crate and stale enough to nauseate an angel. The intellectuals were gone now, and Mrs. Brown, on her steel chair in the corner, surveyed the results of culture and the higher civilization. "So this is living," she thought; "well, if this is living, hell can't be so bad—if there is a hell." Shadows leaped out at her, grimaced before her, beckoned her on, ever upward, ever onward. They even pointed out the way, some this, some that; but the path, no matter which one, was always enshrouded in darkness. She could not see its end or where it led. "Where," a voice within her kept repeating, "where will all this take you? What is its purpose? Why are you doing it?" The shadows became more insistent, shouted and screamed without so much as making a sound, even tried to take her by the arm and force her to quit the mood into which she had allowed herself to fall. But no, she could not, she would not. There was a joy in this new-found misery that she refused to dismiss. And as she sat and pondered, suddenly a thin, wavering voice came floating to her ears from a room nearby. It was the voice of her daughter. With a weary sigh, she arose from the chair and threaded her way amidst the carnage of the room.

"Mother, I'm sick, deathly sick," said the daughter. "I can hardly breathe. I think I'm going to die. I wish you would send for a priest."

THE crash was just around the corner from Mr. Brown and he was there in a moment. A railroad accident, evidently, for tracks crossed the street at the very spot, and the rumble of a train was growing fainter in the distance. A man lay quite still in the gutter, his skull cracked open like a broken egg, and blood gushing forth as though there were no end to it. Mr. Brown stooped down to do he knew not what, but before he could do anything, he was pushed aside,

and another man took the place that he had occupied. He looked up and saw the collar that is the seal and sign of Rome — the collar of a priest. Its owner was a sturdy man, not more than forty, well built, with a rough face and a square jaw and a bearing that bespoke efficiency and a knowledge of his business. He must have been driving nearby at the moment of the accident for a single car stood in the middle of the street with its motor still running, and one of the doors half open. No one else had yet appeared on the scene.

The priest was fumbling at the injured man's neck, evidently in search of something. After a moment he brought forth a medal tied to a string that shone in the dim light of the lamp that illumined the street.

"A Catholic!" he exclaimed, "and dying." He knelt up straight for a moment, then ran over to his car and rummaged through the little compartment on the dashboard. Coming back, he turned to Mr. Brown and said.

"Take my car and go to the nearest Catholic church and ask for the Holy Oils. That's that car there. Make it snappy. This man is going fast and he has to be anointed." Once more he knelt beside the injured man.

"The Holy Oils?" asked Mr. Brown. "What are they?"

The priest struck the ground with his fist. "Don't stand there asking questions. Do as I say. Go to the nearest Catholic church and ask for the Holy Oils. This chap here is dying. Hurry now. I'll call the ambulance." He pushed him towards the waiting car. Still, no one else had been attracted to the scene.

Mr. Brown found a church two blocks off, and was back in ten minutes. With interest he watched the priest carry out the ceremonies of his church, touching the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and hands of the dying man with what must have been the Oil, and then with a great wave of the arm, sign him with the sign of the Cross. What is it, he asked himself, that these Catholics believe that makes them think such rites and rituals so all important when they are about to die? What gives them such a sense of security when such services have been rendered? It was a puzzle which he was incapable of solving. The priest was finished now, and a crowd was finally beginning to gather. The stretcher was on hand and in a moment the ambulance was shrieking away into the night.

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"What will I do with this?" asked Mr. Brown holding up the case in which the Oils had been kept.

"Give it to me," answered the priest. "And come with me."

They got into the car and drove away.

MRS. BROWN felt her daughter's forehead, looked closely at her face and noted what she had been too busy ever to note before — that it was a thin and pallid face, and now quite flushed with fever. A twinge of conscience touched her. It was true. She hadn't been doing her duty in regard to her daughter. Miss Love's Seminary for girls was supposed to take care of that — it said so in the prospectus; but she should have taken some interest in her anyway. Are not mothers supposed to be the confidants of their daughters? She had read that somewhere.

"Don't be foolish, child," she said. "What do you want with a priest? We don't know anything about priests around here. You're just a little upset, that's all. I'll call the doctor and by morning you'll be yourself again." She arose, but her daughter's hand, hot and clammy, clung to her own, and her breath, rancid and sour, came full upon her face.

"No, no, mother," she cried. "Call the priest. I know I'm dying. I'm a Catholic, though you didn't know it, and I want a priest." Her eyes burned with a feverish brightness, and her fingers cut into her mother's hand. "A priest is all I want, and mother, please, get him for me."

A strange fear clutched at Mrs. Brown's heart, a fear that comes to all who are afraid of death and see it standing at their side. Could it be possible that the child was dying? That she was a Catholic? That her desire for a priest was not the result of delirium or fever or childish fancy, but of conviction? Well, this was no time to weigh motives. Her daughter was sick, and a priest would soothe her. A priest, then, she would have, if she could find one. She went to the telephone and called the girl at the switchboard in the office to send up to the apartment the priest who lived the closest. In five minutes he was there. He spoke a word of introduction as he entered the room, and then immediately went to the bedside of the sick girl. The words he spoke to her in his kindly, smiling way, of confidence and love and courage seemed to Mrs. Brown the most beautiful she had ever heard.

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In fact they were shining new to her, and though intended only for the daughter had a strange effect also on the mother. Then the priest motioned her to leave the room, and the last she heard was the murmuring of the two voices, the soothing rumble of the priest's, and the unworried softness of the girl's. Hurriedly she called the doctor, tried to find her husband; but he could not be located. Then she was summoned back to her daughter's room.

Kneeling at the foot of the bed, Mrs. Brown saw the priest dip his thumb in a little golden vessel, and make the sign of a Cross on all her daughter's senses. And as he touched each sense in turn, he seemed to say the same words—words that had a ring to them as though they were but echoes from the hills and valleys of another land. "*Per istam sanctam unctionem—Per istam sanctam unctionem—Per istam sanctam unctionem*," repeated over and over again, until they cried out the power they possessed of wiping away all the weariness and sadness that gather on the soul of man in the course of life. They gave to life a meaning—that the end of life is death, and a good death is the only thing that matters. Tears blinded her eyes, tears of regret, tears of remorse, tears of despair—a passion of tears till her body shook with convulsive sobs.

When she looked up again, the priest was holding before his breast a little white wafer, was once more murmuring a prayer that had all the haunting beauty of an angel's song. "*Accipe, soror, viaticum corporis Domini nostri Jesu Christi, qui te custodiat ab hoste maligno et perducet in vitam aeternam*. Receive the body of our Lord Jesus Christ which will protect you from the wicked enemy and lead you into eternal happiness." He placed the wafer on the girl's tongue. Her eyes closed and for a moment it seemed as though she ceased to breathe. Color came back into her cheeks—no, not color—a calm, a peace, a mysterious light. The mother could not remove her gaze from that transformed face. What was it? Whence came it? And then those eyes opened once more, and beckoned her to come closer.

"This is for you, mother—what is going to happen—for you and dad. My life for your lives." The voice grew weaker. "My life for yours. I made the offer to God and he took it. Don't be sorry when I'm gone, for I'll be always near you, nearer than I ever was in life." A smile came to her lips; her eyes closed again.

At four o'clock she died.

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The priest raised Mrs. Brown from the bed where she had fallen. "Come with me," he said, and led her from the room. He talked to her for an hour, gave her the complete answer to the problem of life and death, spoke of the beauty of heaven, and, how in heaven, we shall know our own; then left her with the promise that he would return again with certain books that she should read. It was five o'clock, and the activity of a new day could be heard in the streets below.

THE clock had just tolled four when Mr. Brown and the priest walked into the house. It was the priest's house, which stood amid tumbling tenements and a foreign population. They walked up a rickety staircase lit by a single bulb that cast a dirty yellow gleam, and finally arrived on the third floor. After ascending two more steps, and descending one, they entered a room. Here the priest invited Mr. Brown to a chair, and he busied himself in concocting and pouring a drink for his visitor (he himself took nothing); then he sat down behind a grandiose desk and lit a cigarette.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"The name is Brown."

"Catholic?"

"No."

"Interested?"

"I can't say that I am. At least, I wasn't an hour ago."

"And now?"

Mr. Brown pondered for a moment. "This is rather sudden," he replied. "Like falling in an icy pool on a blistering day. But I don't mind telling you how I feel. I belong to a circle that is supposed to be the last word in anything you want. Art, pleasure, money—we have them all. We even have answers to things—answers to everything; fantastic answers, I admit, but answers, nevertheless. But to tell the truth about it, the whole mess doesn't make sense; it doesn't fit together. Just tonight, in fact just before the accident, I was asking myself the question, 'where is it taking us? What's the point of it all?' We engage in a ceaseless round of social and for-the-sake-of-pleasure activity, do things that would make the pagans blush, and then to kill the ennui and remorse that always follow, begin right over again with the same old thing. We glory in the name of Moderns and nothing is sacred in our eyes, except the body, and perhaps the mind, for

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these are all we have and they must be preserved at all costs. It makes me sick to think of it. Now, I'm not kicking. I'm having my fling, and getting as much out of it as the next man, I suppose. But I would chuck it if I could find something better to take its place, even though that something were old and behind the times."

"Did you ever give much thought to God?" asked the priest.

"I can't say that I did, at least your God. In fact, I hardly know him."

"And therein lies your trouble. The only recipe you need is a little more of God. He made you, and only He can give you happiness. That longing or dissatisfaction or whatever it is, is only a voice placed in your heart the moment you were born, and calling out to you now to get back where you belong — get back to God; there you will find such happiness as you never experienced before." The priest lit another cigarette, and handed the package to Mr. Brown. "The trouble with people today and everyday is," he went on, "they are trying to find happiness in just about everything except the one thing that can bring them happiness. You know — money, progress, and all that sort of thing. The result is misery. On the other hand, I could show you people in this neighborhood who can hardly speak English, who don't make enough to live on, and who are worse off than the Egyptian King with all his plagues. And yet they are as happy as the angels. They have God, and that is enough. Now, that's not sentiment; it's fact, cold and hard and true."

"It doesn't sound so bad," said Mr. Brown. "But where am I to contact this God?"

"That's another question," answered the priest, "and it will keep. Come back again and I'll answer if for you. Or you can stay here all night and sleep on that davenport over there. But as for me, I'm going to bed."

Mr. Brown decided to go home. It was five o'clock when he arrived.

THE funeral was over and the Browns entered a period of mourning. They did so, not merely because it was expected of them, but because they could not do otherwise. They were strangely depressed by an absence that had become a presence. Their daughter stood before them more in death than she had in life and turned into an actual and fixed dislike what had been merely a growing dislike

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in their minds for all that they had lived for before her death. The paintings of the surrealists that adorned the walls, the crazy furniture and hangings, the prophetic artists who preached the gospel of the New Dawn, and who had been their friends, seemed to be a kind of desecration now and a flaunting of a memory that should be kept fresh. And so one and all they were put aside. The furniture was replaced by solid and substantial chairs and tables from the nearest store; the pictures were cast into the incinerator; and the friends were told that their services would no longer be required. Mr. and Mrs. Brown the Moderns, settled down to the lives of recluses.

And as the weeks went by, their depression turned into a sort of expectation, mysterious expectation that could be read in both their faces. They were abstracted in their conduct, periodically lost in a train of thought that removed them from the realm of reality, and forever trying to conceal something from the other. It is true, their love for one another had flamed anew, like a phoenix from the ashes into which it had fallen during the years of their activity, and a sort of shyness sprang up between them, as existed when the fire of their first love had burned so brightly just after their marriage those many years ago. But in spite of this, there was a barrier between them as though they belonged to some stringent secret society that promised death to anyone who would dare divulge its secrets. Thus for example, each would leave the apartment once a week, the same time each week, and return at precisely the same time. Neither would tell the other the destination of such trips; nor would either ask. On at least three occasions, Mrs. Brown found her husband on his knees beside his bed, and each time she asked:

"Why, what is wrong, my dear? Are you sick?" And each time he answered.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. No, I'm feeling fine. Just lost a quarter and can't seem to find it." And he would fumble beneath the bed. She joined in the search, but the quarter was never found.

On the other hand, on more than one occasion, Mr. Brown came upon his wife absorbed in a paper-covered book, and each time he asked.

"What seems so interesting this morning?" And each time she answered.

"Just a book a friend lent me." And tucking it under her arm,

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she would leave the room. He searched the apartment high and low but never found the book that so captivated her attention.

How long this state of affairs would have gone on, had it not been for a sudden climax, it is hard to say. But the climax did come and it was charged with comedy. Mr. Brown had been out the early part of the evening one day, and had told his wife that he would not be back till late. But the business of his sojourn had not turned out as he planned, and so unexpectedly he returned. He opened the door and entered the room, and there, sitting before him, with her back turned to him, sat his wife; and opposite her, a priest, an old priest with graying hair and stooped shoulders. They arose to their feet at the sound of his step, and consternation covered his wife's face. For a full minute there was silence; and then the door bell rang. Glad to escape so strange a situation, Mr. Brown went to answer it, and immediately returned — but with a companion — another priest, not more than forty, and with a bearing that bespoke a knowledge of his business.

"My dear," said Mr. Brown, "this is Father Smith, a priest I met some weeks ago, and whom I have been seeing regularly ever since; and now that he is here, I might as well ask the question that I have put off for weeks. Would you mind if I became a Catholic?"

"A Catholic?" she cried, and tears leaped suddenly to her eyes. "Darling, this is Father Jones, the priest I met the night our daughter died, and whom I have been seeing regularly ever since. And now that he is here, I might as well ask the question that I have been putting off for weeks. Would you mind if I became a Catholic?"

A shout came from the lips of Mr. Brown that pierced the heavens and was surely heard in the street fifteen stories below. He went up to his wife and kissed her tenderly. "Thank God," he said, "thank God. It must have been our little girl who did all this. I expected a struggle, and how wonderfully it all turned out. Thank God that finally after all these years the Browns have been granted sanity." . . .

The Browns are Catholics now, and good ones too. Browns, the Moderns, Catholics! And are they happy? Ask them if you chance to meet them; or better still, just stand behind a pillar or a post when they pass by, and look at their faces. There will be your answer.



## Three Minute Instruction

### ON EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE

Lent, as everyone knows, and as the Church reiterates in her daily prayers, is the time for the removal of sin and affection for sin from the soul. To accomplish this, a daily examination of conscience is almost indispensable. Every religious community makes a daily examination of conscience as a part of the ordinary routine; lay people, however, often think of the practice as only connected with the actual preparation for confession. Many will be glad to learn how it can and should be a part of one's daily spiritual life. The rules are as follows:

1. Choose a definite time for the examination. Perhaps during a regularly made visit to a church each day. Perhaps shortly before the evening meal in the home. Or, if at no other time, at least before retiring.
2. Begin the examination always with a prayer. A prayer of thanks for graces received and a prayer of petition for help in the work of self-searching at hand.
3. Decide on a virtue that is needed, and make it the subject of the examination for a week or even a month at a time. This will not make for any lop-sided effect in seeking to perfect self, because the attainment of any one virtue will always carry along gradual development in all the others. Begin, of course, with the outstanding need of the soul.
4. Make the actual examination according to these successive points:
  - a. My outward conduct in regard to this virtue. E. G. if the virtue needed be love of neighbor, search out faults in word, action or omission.
  - b. My inward tendencies against the same: E. G. against charity, feelings of envy, or unchecked inward anger, or rash judgment, etc.
  - c. My particular needs with regard to the positive manner of practicing this virtue. It is helpful here to try to represent the virtue as illustrated in the character and actions of Christ, and to try to prepare to act as he did when parallel circumstances arise.
5. Close always with a) an act of sorrow; b) a strong but simple resolution; c) a prayer to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother and some favorite saint for help to carry it out.

Such an examination of conscience need not take long, and would show definite results in a short time. Self-discipline and earnest concentration will be needed at first; but gradually the practice will weave itself sweetly and naturally into the pattern of daily life.

## OUT OF THE WILDERNESS

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A former Baptist minister's personal narrative of his conversion to the Catholic Church. Mr. Roth has kindly pleased to write this chapter of his life for the *Liguorian*.

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Augustine Joseph Roth

I WAS a minister of the Baptist church for seven years. I was received into the Holy Catholic Church on Easter Sunday, 1935. Although it requires but a few words to say this, my coming into the True Church was not a decision arrived at in a month or a year. For six years prior to my having been received into the Catholic Church I found myself out of harmony with the doctrines of the Baptist church. For six years I investigated thoroughly each of the major Protestant denominations in the hope that somewhere I should find a church whose doctrines were closer than the Baptist to my idea of the New Testament, and in each case I found the same bitter disappointment. But one Church, as I came to realize, remained: the Catholic Church. But I, who had always been a persecutor of this Church, (I say this to my shame) at once dismissed the idea.

There seemed to be a void in my soul, and although I was trying to please God, it seemed that He was not pleased. I talked these things over with my wife. It was her opinion that a good rest would help me to look at things differently.

IT WAS providential that a week or two later I should receive a letter from my brother-in-law in Springfield, Illinois, inviting me to conduct a two week revival meeting at the Christian Church where he was deacon. I went to Springfield; first of all for a rest and then to preach the revival. After I arrived I tried, by light reading and walking in the country, to avoid being brought face to face with the problems I had been fighting these past years. But I came to realize more and more that I was preaching doctrines that I did not and never could accept. I prayed constantly for guidance, but it seemed as though my prayers were prayed against a heaven of brass through which my prayers would not penetrate. Then I resolved that I would resign from the ministry as soon as I returned to my own church near Edwardsville, Kansas. I could no longer be a traitor to my conscience.

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One day, as I was walking disconsolately along, I saw an elderly priest coming toward me. Trained, as I had been, to hate all things Catholic, I never could see a priest or nun without having the vilest thoughts against them. And now, very unaccountably, I found myself approaching him and trying to speak to him. His kindly smile gave me confidence and I began to tell him all about myself, adding that I was addressing him not with the hope of finding that which would fill the void I felt in my soul, but that I wanted to have the satisfaction of knowing that in my search for the Truth. I had even spoken to a Catholic priest. Father Lenertz only smiled, but in that smile I seemed to know he understood, and that I had made a friend. As he was even then due to take a class at the Cathedral Boys' High School, he suggested that I go to see Father O'Brien at the Cathedral. I felt that it was all a waste of time but decided to see it through.

While awaiting Father O'Brien in the parlor of the rectory, I experienced a strong urge to get up and leave. I wondered what my friends would say if they knew I had come to see a Catholic priest. I wondered what excuse I could make to them. In Kansas I had been signally honored by the Ku Klux Klan; I was the Chaplain of the Consistory, thirty-second degree Masonic Body; I came from a line of seven generations of Baptist ministers; and now I was sitting in the rectory of a Catholic church, waiting for a Catholic priest. It hardly seemed real.

As soon as Father O'Brien came into the room, my confidence returned. We quickly became acquainted and at ease, and we talked religion for hours. It was I who asked all the questions; and as one by one he answered them, one by one my prejudices against the faith and practice of the Catholic Church melted away. When, finally, I got up to go with the promise that I would return the next day, Father O'Brien asked me if I would like to see the Cathedral.

I HAD never set foot inside a Catholic church in all my life. I knew nothing of the Sacraments or Sacramentals. I had no knowledge whatever of the Blessed Sacrament, no knowledge other than was taught us in our own seminaries; and this certainly was not complimentary to the Blessed Sacrament. But the moment I stepped across the threshold of that church and stood before the Blessed Sacrament for the first time, I knew definitely that I stood in the presence of

Christ. Never in all my life before did I feel Him as close to me as at that moment. I knelt and prayed. The heavens of brass were gone. For the first time in years I had the peace of mind and satisfaction of soul that comes when one knows that one's prayers have been heard.

When I arose I told Father O'Brien that my search was ended. The feeling in my heart was beyond theological discussion. But Father O'Brien, in accordance with the wise practice of the Catholic clergy, informed me that there would be a period of probation and instruction. "You must think of what this will mean to you," he said. "Remember that your work and training will not help you to provide for your family. Talk it over with your wife; then come back tomorrow and let me know how you feel then."

Father O'Brien gave me a few books to take home and read. He chose wisely: for when I arrived home and looked at them, I found a short life of Cardinal Newman; (I never knew he was a convert.) "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," by Stoddard; (I never knew that such a book existed.) "Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons; (I had no idea that such arguments could be advanced in the cause of the Faith.) and, "Where We Got the Bible," by Graham. (How little my seminary training had availed me!) My ignorance as indicated by the words I have bracketed is no reason for me to be ashamed, for Stoddard, who attended internationally famous schools, stresses this same point in the early pages of his book.

That evening I remained awake to read the books Father O'Brien had given me. It was daybreak before I realized that I had stayed awake the whole night. Reading these books I found courage. I saw myself not as taking on something new but rather as returning to the old. That morning I told my wife all that had happened.

In spite of all I could say, she was thoroughly out of harmony with me. She asked me to get the idea of a Catholic Church out of my head. In a moment I realized how she must have felt. She knew the Church only as it had been mis-interpreted to her, not as I had come to know it. I returned to Father O'Brien and told him all that had happened at home. Again we talked for hours. Many more truths were revealed to me. More and more I came to see the beauty and holiness of the Church. I declared that despite the attitude of my wife I was still certain that the salvation of my immortal soul rested with the Holy

Catholic Church, and that I was ready to submit unconditionally. "Tomorrow," he said, "we shall begin instructions."

**D**URING my absence that day the news of my intentions had spread. When I arrived home that evening, more than a score of ministers of all sects were there to show me the error of my ways. All my knowledge of the Catholic Church had been gleaned within the past twenty-four hours. My experience before the Blessed Sacrament was something of which I could not hope to convince these men. But I thank God that the words of Cardinal Gibbons came to me so easily that I was able to meet every argument satisfactorily, even the unreasonable arguments of bigotry and prejudice. It was late when the last man left. Then my wife informed me that if I persisted in this insane thought she would take the baby and leave me. I had not even the slightest idea that such a thought was in her mind; and, coming so unexpectedly, this shock was the most bitter of all my experiences.

The next day I did not keep my appointment with Father O'Brien. Instead I spent the day in the State and Public Libraries reading all of the non-Catholic writers I could find, hoping against hope to discover where I had been mistaken,—for my wife, whom I loved more than all else on earth, would leave me. But, try as I would, I could find no reasonable argument against the Church. It was Friday. I was due to open the revival Sunday evening. Only two days away; and I was facing a crisis.

On Sunday my wife again brought up the subject. Her pleading was almost beyond endurance. I felt that she was so bitter toward the Catholic Church that she would certainly leave me. Her sincerity was unquestionable. She believed with all her heart that I would bring an unbearable disgrace on the family by becoming a Catholic. This time there was no room for doubt.

**A**T LAST the time came for me to go to the church. The church was well filled when I arrived. How I ever got to the platform I cannot say. I have a confused recollection of all the preliminaries; the singing; the testimonies; the announcements; the prayers. And yet I had not the slightest idea how I would begin my address or how I would bring about an announcement that I was going into the Catholic Church. Then I was in the pulpit, fumbling with the open Bible before

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me and playing for time to find an opening for my address. I believe with all my heart that it was no mere accident that the Bible was open at the most appropriate place for this talk, for my eyes rested on the words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church." Without hesitation I announced my text: "Upon this Rock"; and my subject, "Man-made Religions." In the half hour which was allowed to me I briefly outlined my difficulties with my own church: how my church had failed to satisfy the hunger in my soul; how I had investigated nearly all of the other major denominations, and how I had always found man-made religions, opposed to each other on every fundamental point of Christian doctrine and not at all in accord with the teachings of Christ. I related how I had prayed and how God had led me into His own Church; how I found that every doctrine of the Catholic Church was substantiated by theologians of standing and by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and how both Scripture and unprejudiced history pointed to the Catholic Church as the Church founded by Christ on Peter to whom was given the gift of the government of the Church in Christ's stead throughout the ages. In closing I said that I was submitting unconditionally to the teachings of the Catholic Church because the salvation of my immortal soul was at stake. With this last word I stepped down from the platform and out through the front door.

When my wife came out of the church we walked home together. Hardly anything was said during that walk. When we reached the house, I found my suit-case on the porch. My brother-in-law, standing in the doorway, informed me that his home was forever closed to me. I then asked my wife if she would reconsider, and without hesitation she replied, "I shall leave you tonight. You will never see me or the baby again until you come back on your knees asking the forgiveness of your church." With this she entered the house and the door was shut in my face.

Later, at the railroad station I made one final plea. She listened and answered: "I want you to know just how I feel toward the Catholic Church. I would rather see this baby dead than raised by a lot of nuns." She turned away and walked to the train.

I never felt so alone before in all my life. One of the ladies among the party at the train called me a foolish miserable coward; others made gestures to show that they wanted to avoid physical contact with me.

I was subjected to every kind of ridicule they could think of, and sometime afterwards, I was spit upon and a sack of refuse was thrown into my face. Through it all the happy, carefree laugh of my daughter seemed to haunt me, and with every passing moment the pangs of loneliness increased.

When Father O'Brien heard what had happened he immediately arranged through the Bishop of Springfield to have me received temporarily into St. Joseph's Home, whose good Sisters are ever ready to open their doors and their hearts to all comers. Every letter I had sent my wife was returned to me unopened, and each time a letter came back it stung me like a red hot brand.

**A**T LAST I reached the point where I was ready for Baptism, and on the morning of Holy Saturday, 1933, I made my abjuration before the altar and was afterwards baptised conditionally by Father O'Brien. It seems strange to say this for I had baptised hundreds of people but somehow it seemed more real to me than anything I had ever experienced. It seemed as if my whole nature was being washed and I was a child again. I shall not attempt to describe the joy that follows a confession made in good faith. Yet there was even greater joy in store for me, for the next day, Easter Sunday, I received my first Holy Communion. I longed to talk to Him, but no words came. The thrill of joy was too complete.

In the meantime my wife, who had been deluged with anti-Catholic propaganda of such an outrageous sort that her good sense made her realise that it could not possibly be true, had written me for some Catholic literature. Among other books I sent her a copy of Father Conway's "Question Box." We then began a sort of question and answer correspondence. The Sisters were praying constantly for her conversion with the result that shortly afterwards she joined me in Springfield and was received into the Church. The baby was baptised at the same time. We continued to live at Saint Joseph's Home. My joy was indeed complete.

But one could not go on living on the mountain top. I had to come down to find a job, for I had my wife and baby to support. Furthermore, the non-Catholic people of Springfield felt that I was a traitor to them and they would have nothing whatever to do with me. Catholic business men felt that they could not offend their non-Catholic cus-

tomers by giving me employment. Through the efforts of the good Bishop of Springfield and the Catholic clergy, I received an appointment as teacher in one of the State institutions. As soon as word of this was announced, the ministers raised a howl that I became a Catholic on the promise of a good job. Rather than jeopardise the good Bishop and cheapen the dignity of the Holy Church, I did not accept this position. For the present the Sisters of St. Joseph's Home were providing us with food and shelter. But what of the future?

**A**FTER weeks of futile search and wanderings, we went to Washington, D. C. By this time we had pawned or sold our personal belongings to keep body and soul together and we faced destitution. I shall never forget the kindness of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, who provided us with a place to live and through whose charity we did not want for any of the necessities of life. Four months later I was invited by Mr. John Moody to come to New York to assist in the reorganization of The National Catholic Converts' League (St. Paul's Guild). I was happy at this prospect because it would enable me to help converts from the ministry while at the same time it gave me a chance to earn a living for my family. But the work was not permanent. Nevertheless I decided that I would remain in the east where I had a better chance to bury the ghost of "convert minister" and where interested friends would help me to find permanent work.

About the middle of May we received a letter from Father Joseph Jacobs, telling us that a number of my former congregation had been received into the Catholic Church and that he was instructing my wife's mother, who was in very poor health. I knew what a joy it would be to my wife if she could be with her mother,—if she could receive Holy Communion with her,—and I borrowed whatever was necessary to pay her travelling expenses home.

Shortly after, I received word that my wife, as a result of these arduous months, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Much as I hated to return to Kansas, I went home at once. My wife had been staying at the home of her brother, and now he refused me admittance to his home. I had very little money, but I rented a place where I could bring my wife and daughter. My mother-in-law came along to minister to my wife. We lived in this locality for eight months, and here I really learned to what extent men would go to give vent to their feel-

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ings of hatred for me and the Church. I was hailed as the horrible example of Catholicism. When I took up my abode in this neighborhood the non-Catholic ministers accepted it as a challenge to preach against the Holy Church.

It was impossible to find work although I tried desperately. We had to move into cheaper quarters until at last our abode was a converted chicken-house. When our friends could no longer help us we were at the mercy of the State charities, and they allowed us \$1.80 a week in groceries. One day I walked seven miles to report for work on a relief project. The wages were \$7.60 a week. Imagine my feelings when I saw that the foreman on this job was a deacon of my former church. Though scores of men were standing around idle, he put me to work loading rock on to a truck. I worked about three hours and hurt my back; that was the end of the job. I was in bed for two weeks with a strained back; and to this day I feel severe pains in the back at intervals. The next job I found was picking sweet potatoes. After the day's work we received an equal share of what we picked and though nothing would have suited me better than to go home and lie down to rest my back, I could not do so, for I had to go out and try to sell my share of the sweet potatoes. What I could not sell we ate.

During the cold weather my mother-in-law would keep wood on the stove during the daytime and I would remain awake at night to keep the fire going and try to maintain an even temperature. One night I fell asleep and our home burned down. We could save nothing whatever. Indeed, we were lucky to get out with our lives. Our next abode was a former wagon-shed.

During these arduous months the treasure of our Faith was our chief sustaining force. The hardships my wife and I have had to endure—and the end is not yet—have not lessened our zeal, but on the contrary have strengthened our faith in Divine Providence. Our concern is for those without Christ's Vineyard; and our earnest prayer is that the countless multitude who stand "idling in the market place"—the pagan world, where souls are hourly bartered for a song—may one day, even at the eleventh hour, hear the insistent summons of the Lord of that Vineyard: "Why stand you here all the day idle? Go you also into My Vineyard." Surely, what we have lost materially we have more than gained spiritually. We have the unspeakable consolation of our Holy Mother Church, and to this we shall cling to the end.

# **SUMMONED AT NOON**

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## **SANCTITY AMONG OUR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN**

**Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.**

**"VAN"**

On May 16, 1936, there died in St. Mary's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., Francis Van Leuvenhage, C.Ss.R. A few hours before his death he had acquired the right to sign himself this way, by making his vows as a Redemptorist.

Francis was commonly known among his companions as "Van" and this is the name we shall retain, for it carries that connotation of modesty, balance, plainness, cheerfulness that characterizes him. He was an American boy—courteous, generous, wholehearted; he worked hard, played hard, prayed hard.

His life enables us to see once again how one may strive for holiness and find it among the ordinary paths of American boyhood, among the ordinary duties of a student and a novice in a religious order.

"Van" was born at Detroit, Michigan, June 2, 1915. He knew the meaning of work and sacrifice and trust in God from childhood. We will not delay over his boyhood days at home except to mention his very evident delight in serving at the altar and his eagerness to help the Brother Sacristan in work about the sacristy.

The idea of studying for the priesthood seems to have come to him unnoticed; it grew upon him. He "played priest" at home; the Sisters at school talked about "vocations" at times. One day he said that he should like to be a priest. It was talked over at home for about a month and then it was taken for granted. In September, 1929, he entered the preparatory College of the Redemptorist Fathers at Kirkwood, Mo.

### **KIRKWOOD DAYS**

From home to College was a great change in his life. If he felt any homesickness it was not shown; with a character like his, that easily adjusted itself, especially in the fluid years of boyhood, very likely there was no acute suffering. Home ties had not been woven with demonstrative affection; sacrifice had been part of his daily life; serene home-life left him emotionally well-balanced; and affections spiritualized and turned God-ward were emphasized in the new atmosphere.

He was fitting in and finding himself fast. One of his superiors characterizes that first year: "Strange to say, my recollection of Francis is in many respects only general. He was a student that never gave either his professors or his superiors the least cause for anxiety or dissatisfaction. He was one of those among the student body who was safe; he was one who never gave any cause to worry. For that reason there were fewer occasions for me to speak with him, and, as he was naturally of a retiring disposition, I had less frequent contact with him."

A number of letters — he was a surprisingly fertile letter-writer for a boy — from this year reveal the ordinary boy's interest and likes, — sports, hikes, dramatics, movies — and the weather; these are the ordinary topics.

As he passed into his second year one notices, even from his letters, a keener sharing in all College activities and sports. But this predominance of boyish interest in letters written mainly to a brother-in-law, did not mean that such things absorbed his mind. That the spiritual development was going on is clear from his reference to the Holy Week retreat of that year: "Tonight we will start our retreat. I hope I will make a good one this time. By this I don't mean that I did not try in the last ones, but I want to make a better retreat than I have ever made."

In begging pardon for not writing, he was perfectly sincere: "The only thing that is wrong with me," he says, "is that I have no ambition to write letters."

It was during his second year that he began to pay the penalties for the physical gifts bestowed upon him. He was, as we said, handsome, with such a fair complexion and blonde hair, that as he developed into youth, it was even more noticed. What made this more noticed was his rather "unusual care and neatness." This brought upon him a nickname — as was to be expected in a group of boys with elemental feelings of envy, hatred of effeminacy, and in compensation someone called him "Miss America" — and the name, like, mud, stuck. The name referred only to his appearance — it was never a character-designation. For every one knew he was no "sissy" in sports and games. They felt his prowess physically. Sometimes the comments were good-natured; often they were not. Nor did it stop with comments and raillery; it led to ridicule and rather rough pranks. He was the object of attraction and opposition — and the admiration given him often was the source of

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trouble. That he always bore it well — with a blush and a smile, a lowering of the eyes and silence — was noticed by all that remember these years of his. He was changing timidity into strength under this trial; as his superior of that year says: "His strength and manliness were only brought out the more by overcoming such obstacles successfully."

Moreover it taught him understanding of other's difficulties and sympathy which enabled him by spiritual effort to develop more and more the finer natural traits of modesty, self-control, kindness and cheerfulness.

That he was held in esteem by enough of his companions is clear from the fact that in elections for student officers he received his share of attention. A companion of those days writes:

"When I came to Kirkwood Fr. Van was beginning his third year. I knew very few fellows when we had to vote for promoters of the Sacred Heart League. An older student was sitting near me and I asked him for whom I should vote. His answer came quickly: 'For Van, of course.'"

This is as pregnant an indication of the estimate the student body made of his character, as one could desire.

### "FOURTH ACADEMIC"

By the time he entered the 4th Academic, the nickname which had so often hurt, was almost forgotten. He was now known affectionately as "Van." The balance in his nature became all the more noticeable, his mind developed and position gave him confidence in himself. His nature was beautifully adapted to the workings of grace and these were not at all wanting. His class work, his sports, his part in conversation all revealed it and brought it to the notice of others.

His letters during this year are of the same chatty kind that any boy might write. He says to his sister: "I got a strong feeling that I'm going to flunk in physics again. I can't work problems especially in electricity. Problems flunked me last exams. I'll do my best."

The spiritual note is more evident, when he writes: "So here I am, sitting at my desk in the study-hall, beginning this letter immediately after solemn High Mass. The song we sang after Mass is still tingling in my ears. It is 'Bring flowers of the rarest.'"

And again: "At Mass this morning it seemed we were up in second heaven. I think that lecture we had a week ago did us a lot of good."

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At the elevation everything was so quiet and devotional that I guess nobody wanted to come back to earth again."

He was in the poetry class this year and sends one of his poems. As we expect, it is on a devotional theme.

O sacred place where Thou dost stay,  
Upon our altars night and day,  
E'er present near the ruddy light  
In which sweet place we find delight.  
Jesus from this Thy earthly home  
Thou dost always seek to roam  
For hearts that have to love forgotten  
The sufferings of God's own begotten.  
So when we're near this holy place  
Impart to us some special grace  
That we may live a holy life  
Ever conquering in our strife.

The sentiment is far better than the form. There isn't any doubt that it came from his heart — a really unusual love of our Sacramental Lord. For, though the atmosphere of St. Joseph's College is manifestly spiritual, and though the themes for essays and verses naturally tend toward spiritual things, there is something quite personal and original about Frater Van's essays.

### FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE

A little thought expressed in a letter in 1934 is evidence of this. He says:

"Today is visiting Sunday. I just came from chapel and on my way in and out I heard much talking within the parlors. On my way into the chapel I was thinking how fortunate those fellows in the parlor were, but on my exit from chapel, I thought how fortunate all of us are to have the 'prisoner of Love' always with us."

He was beginning to show too how spiritual directions as given in conferences and sermons was making an ever deeper and more sensible impression upon him. For in his Freshman year he writes:

"This day was followed by a good retreat of three days. It seems to me that the higher one gets, his retreats get better. I guess that's the first symptom of progress, eh?"

But he was not getting scrupulous by any means. He would, for instance, as was commonly noted by his companions, not hesitate to speak

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during silence-time if there was a real reason for doing so, despite his fidelity in keeping the rule. So too, he can write in true boy fashion even in his Freshman year: "Our swimming tank looks exceptionally good. I guess I'll take a dip this afternoon. It surely is hot enough down here. . . . I just got sick of ice-cream—I had an orange sundae on top of a two-bit banana split (yowsa). No wonder, eh?"

That year he was chosen as city-prefect, to look after the students during the vacation and as "capo" or student prefect during the year, which is an evident sign of the high esteem in which he was held by his superiors.

On his desk he always had the picture of the Little Flower. No doubt this helps to explain his balance and control.

The semi-annual retreats were always taken very seriously by him. In his letters he always remarks about them. Before the last one he made at Kirkwood (April 16, 1935), he says in a letter:

"I am resolved to make this my best Retreat around here, and I think I will, with the help of Jesus, His Blessed Mother, and the Little Flower."

That he never lost sight of the goal of his studies and years of preparation is shown by his assiduity in collecting clippings from the Sunday Visitor, the Liguorian, the Register, and other papers—articles, stories, incidents—that he thought might be useful to him in apostolic work later on.

As the year wore on his enthusiasm for the Novitiate seemed to grow. It reflects in his letters, as for instance, one to his sister in which he says:

"Our whole class feels pretty good because the other day our measurements were taken for our habits. Everybody is just 'raring' to go to the Novitiate. I know I am. How would you like to have a saint for a Novice-Master? Well that's what we're going to have. Perhaps you won't know me after my novitiate! . . . That's why I think I'll make a successful novitiate and I can't wait till I get there."

One of the last notes we have from him personally, before leaving Kirkwood, is this:

"In studying make convictions and stick to them. Have reasons. In novitiate don't worry about the spiritual growth of the other fellow—be sure of your own first. Don't try to convert the other novices—don't try to become a saint over night. Don't let your mind become un-

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balanced — that is, see both extremes and steer in the middle. Virtus est in medio. To be a normal novice does not mean that one must divest oneself entirely of the world. Far from it. Our work later on is the work of Christ among the people of the world."

Allowing for the immaturity in his ideas, we cannot help admiring the ideals he set for himself and the earnestness of his intentions.

### THE NOVICE

With his companions from Detroit, "Van" travelled to the novitiate at De Soto, Mo., by bus. "Every place the bus stopped, he and I," says a companion, "got a strawberry shortcake. We got this at least four times and one other time he ordered a strawberry sundae. He often spoke of this strawberry shortcake episode during the novitiate and laughed heartily over it."

The young man who could enjoy himself so wholeheartedly, as wholeheartedly entered into the spirit and work of the novitiate. The first six weeks is a sort of Postulantship and preparation for the reception of the habit. Gradually the postulant is introduced into the fundamentals of the religious life; gradually the spiritual life is unfolded to him; gradually he is acquainted with the purpose and life of the novitiate. "Van" was at home, apparently, from the very beginning. His nature was singularly adapted to the life. His character, so well balanced, already enriched with much grace, adapted itself to the spiritual work to be done and under happy guidance developed rapidly.

On August 2, 1935, he received the habit. It must have been a day of happy experiences for him, but I have no reference to it in any of his notes. Shortly after, (August 14) he writes to his sister:

"I can just picture all of you waiting for the mailman every morning, expecting a letter from me. Well, it's been a long time since he dropped one of mine in there, isn't it? But you can easily see that my delay is not due to laziness or sloth, because you know our ruling about letters — one a month home and one a month to brothers or sister not living at home. If you can read between that last line, don't forget to send me Germaine's (his sister) address so I can write to her."

"As a little pastime," he writes, "I am making rosaries. . . . In most of my spare time, however, I am sketching a book—"The True Spouse of Christ"—by our Founder, St. Alphonsus."

It is easy to see that he was perfectly at home in this life. Nor is there any flagging of his interest. In November he writes home: "We

just finished having a conference on the Humility of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Each one makes us look at the Blessed Virgin in a different light. An hour and a half passes all too quickly when our interest is as great as to forget the minutes."

In this same letter to his mother he gives an explanation of prayer heard in a conference.

Such receptivity for spiritual teaching could not leave him unimpressed. He showed it in his conduct so that all his companions of those days are able to recall evidences of his modesty, charity, prayerfulness, readiness to serve and love for work around the altar. Writing to his brother (Dec. 21, 1935) he says:

"Novitiate life is fine, it is paradise on earth. I'm sure you'll like it, for it is a year spent in closest union with Our Lord. It is really great, and the year is passing too fast."

That he was developing that sensitiveness of love that notices and grieves for every fault, even the slightest, is clear from his monthly resolution. Thus for September his resolves are:

- 1) Rise at the first sound of the bell.
- 2) Refrain from looking into confreres' rooms through curiosity.
- 3) Mortify myself enough to do my daily duties well.
- 4) Especially to mortify my predominant passion.

And for October, he resolves: 1) Keep the afternoon silence; 2) Flee idleness when in my room. For December his resolution is to improve his confessions by fervent spiritual confessions in his daily particular examination of conscience. His outline shows a very deep and supernatural grasp of the meaning of these acts.

In January he resolves to practice Faith in his "individual conduct, by remembering that God abides in me . . . and for community life, try remembering God in superiors. And he proposes among other things "to remain awake during the act of faith during night prayers."

#### LAST LETTERS AND DUTIES

During May (1936) it was his turn to be sacristan. He rejoiced that he could perform this duty during the month of Mary. One evening the head sacristan asked him to change the tabernacle veil. "Van did so. On returning he said with a broad smile: "Thanks, Frater." And some weeks later, talking about the incident, he remarked: "Gee, it was swell up there near Our Lord!"

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His last letter, written May 7, 1936, to his mother, contains a beautiful passage on Mother's Day. He says:

"This coming Sunday is the beautiful and happy day of the year for all mothers, young and old. It is beautiful in its significance, for deep in the heart of the nation there stirred a noble impulse of gratitude to mothers and then Mother's Day was born, a day of joy, a day of rest for mothers. Truly then a day of little gifts of gratitude, tokens of burning love of children to their mothers. Nor do I wish to be one who is unfaithful; so I will include my little spiritual bouquet of the Violets of Humility, Roses of Charity and Lilies of Purity. It is the best I can offer and its value exceeds that of dollars and cents. It is something very precious in the eyes of God and His Blessed Mother."

Then he describes Mother's Day in heaven with Mary the center of the picture and concludes by recommending to his mother the practice of St. Alphonsus to make an ejaculation to Mary every time the clock strikes, "i.e., every fifteen minutes." He himself was wont "never to turn a page when reading without at least saying "Mary" or "Mary help me."

### ILLNESS AND DEATH

The very day he wrote that letter he was already suffering severe pains in his stomach. That afternoon he played two games of baseball. On May 8th, likewise, despite his pains, which he never revealed to his superiors, he again played in a double-header. Meanwhile he went about his daily work and duties.

It was only on Sunday May 10th, that he decided to see an infirmarian. By this time his pain must have been intense. Yet he quietly and uncomplainingly did whatever the infirmarian told him. The Doctor was called. It was a case of ruptured appendix. The ambulance was called and "Van" was rushed to the Hospital.

His only worry was about the length of time he would have to stay away from the Novitiate — he did not want to have the day of happiness delayed. Every bump in the road must have caused him pain. Yet he merely said: "That's all right; the bumps can't be helped."

At 9:30 that evening the operation was performed. It seemed to be successful. "He came out with a smile," said the hospital Sister attending him. When he had been put in the ambulance, someone had asked him whether he wanted anything: "No," he replied, "I have my rosary and my crucifix." From that rosary he would never be parted.

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He wanted it wound round his arm, and when the pain was almost unbearable, he would take hold of that rosary.

His patience and resignation was remarked by all attendants and visitors. He never complained; sedatives he took only after trying to bear his pain unaided. Whenever asked how he was, he always replied: "Fine, thank you." When asked whether he suffered any pain, the answer was, "Oh, just a little, Father."

The explanation, no doubt, must be found in what he said to one of the attendants: "The Lord wants us to do all things well. Therefore, if it is His will that I suffer, I must do that well too." It was just another duty, just another exercise in his daily life.

The following Friday he took a turn for the worse. That morning he was anointed. A blood transfusion was tried. In the afternoon, the Rector of the Redemptorist Church in St. Louis, as delegate of the Provincial, in the presence of several Fathers, received his vows that made him a member of the Order. A Sister who stopped in at his room shortly after, asked him how he felt.

"Oh Sister" he replied, "This is the happiest day of my life. And Sister, I have been the first of my class to make my vows and I should have been the eleventh."

About ten o'clock that night the hospital called the Rector to say that "Van" had taken a turn for the worse and that he would probably not live through the night. The end came, according to the Sister attending, at two minutes after midnight, Saturday morning. He had said that he wanted to die on the Blessed Virgin's day.

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul,

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony,

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may I sleep and rest in your holy company."

These were his last conscious words. He had lived in this holy company a long time.

An engraving on a tombstone in Portsmouth, England:  
(Could higher tribute be paid?)

"Erected by friends as a memorial of their esteem and respect for John Pounds, who, while earning his living by mending shoes, gratuitously educated and in part clothed and fed some hundreds of poor children. He died suddenly on the 1st of January, aged, 72 years."

## THE PROGRESS OF MAN

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

The man pushed down a lever. There was a rumbling and a tumbling of metal and a turning of wheels and a sharp "bang" inside the machine. Then it stopped abruptly and a piece of steel about six inches long and three inches wide dropped out at the bottom. It had three holes newly punched in it and one edge curved. He picked it up and laid it in a box at the side of the machine, where it fitted neatly with the others already there.

The man pulled down the lever again. There was a rumbling of metal and a turning of wheels and a sharp "bang" inside the machine. Then it stopped and a piece of steel about six inches long and three inches wide dropped out at the bottom. It had three holes in it and one edge curved. He picked it up and laid it in the box with the others.

The man pulled down the lever again. . . . There was a rumbling inside the machine and a "bang." A piece of steel dropped out with holes in it and a curved edge. He put it in the box with the others.

The man pulled down the lever again. A rumbling and a "bang." A piece of steel dropped out. He put it in the box.

The man—the lever—the rumbling—the "bang"—the steel—the box. The lever—the rumbling—the steel—the box. The lever—the steel—the box. Lever—steel—box. . . .

The man had a wife. She had blue eyes, though they were tired eyes. Blue like unmisty skies. Blue like deep water on sunny days. The man did not notice her eyes when he came home at night. . . . The lever, the rumbling, the "bang," the steel, the box. . . . She had blue eyes, but they were tired. . . .

The man had a child. The child's cheeks were like softest down and colored like nothing on land or sea or in the power of a painter's brush. The child's eyes yearned for love. Its hands groped for a heart to fondle. The man did not notice. . . . The lever—the rumbling—the "bang"—the steel—the box. . . . The man was tired; he needed to sleep, sleep. . . .

The man passed a park on his way to work. One day, long before, he had noticed flowers along the sidewalk in the park. Geraniums in deep blood red. Canas like great leaping flames caught and held unquivering, pansies like soft layers of molten color. . . . The man had stopped and looked at the flowers. They stirred something in him—he did not know what. He passed on to work. The lever—the "bang,"—the steel—the box.

The flowers were brighter that evening. The sunlight struck them, deepening their red, sharpening their yellow, smoothing their purple. . . . The man (the lever—the rumbling—the "bang"—the steel—the box) did not see them. . . .

## Quadragesimo Anno

### THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

*Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.*

**"Orders"  
form of  
rule**

It hardly need be said that what Leo XIII taught concerning forms of government for the State, has equal application, though with due allowances, to these corporate groups; in other words, that men are free to choose for them whatever form of government they please, as long as due regard is had for justice and the common good.

Again, as the citizens of a city, town, or village are wont to form the most diverse associations, which men are absolutely free to join or not, as they may please, so those engaged in any business or profession may establish their own free associations for any purpose having a connection with the business or profession. Since these free societies or unions have been most carefully and clearly described by Our renowned Predecessor, it will be necessary here to urge but one point: namely, that men are at liberty not only to establish these associations—which are private in their nature and in their relation to the State—but also have the "right to adopt such organization and rules as may best conduce to the attainment of their objects." The same right, too, must be acknowledged for associations which go beyond the limits of a single business or profession. And it is to be earnestly desired that such free associations as are now existing and bearing happy fruit, may in the spirit of Christian social doctrine assume, and by courageous effort fulfil, the task of opening the way to those more perfect groups of which We have been speaking—namely, "orders."

There is, however, still another thing, closely connected with the foregoing, which needs attention. Just as the unity of human society cannot be based upon the war of "classes," so the right order of business life cannot be left to free competition. Indeed, this has been the source from which, as from a poisoned spring, have flowed all the errors of the school of economic "Individualism." This school, forgetful or else unaware of the social and the moral side of business life, maintained that business should be left completely free and independent of the State's authority; for—so it was alleged—business has its own self-regulating principle, consisting in the open market, that is, in free competition; and by this principle it regulates itself more perfectly than could be done by intervention on the part of any or of all created minds. But while free competition, when kept within due limits, is right and of great advantage to the business world, still it surely cannot regulate all business life; the facts have proved this to a certainty since the doctrines of the evil spirit of Individualism have been put into effect. It is imperatively necessary, therefore, to bring back business life under the direction of a genuine, effective regulating principle. In recent times, indeed, free competition has been supplanted by economic domination; but this is even far less capable of regulating business life, since it is a blind and reckless power, and if it is to be of benefit to mankind, must be firmly checked and wisely guided; but it cannot check and guide itself.

QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

*Indicating how the "orders" may be run, what does Pius XI do?*

Two things: *first*, refers to Leo XIII's doctrine on the form of government for the State; and *secondly*, applies this to the form of government of the "corporate groups," i.e., the "orders."

*What is Leo XIII's doctrine on the form of government for the State?*

He gave it in the Encyclical "Immortale Dei," issued November 1, 1885; in the English edition published by the Catholic Mind, November 8, 1936, the pertinent words of Pope Leo XIII are found on page 427: "The right to rule is not necessarily, however, bound up with any special mode of government. It may take this or that form, provided only that it be of a nature to insure the general welfare." And on page 442: "This, then, is the teaching of the Catholic Church concerning the constitution and government of the State . . . no one of the several forms of government is in itself condemned; inasmuch as none of them contains anything contrary to Catholic doctrine, and all of them are capable, if wisely and justly managed, of insuring the welfare of the State." Thus the Church approves both democracy and monarchy as forms of government taken in themselves, and condemns only the abuses that may arise in either.

*Is the "corporate system," i.e., the system of the "orders" possible only in a dictatorship?*

Not at all; taken in itself, the "corporate system" is more truly representative of the interests of the people in the modern world than is the system of representation only on a basis, for instance, of Congressional Districts; for people today need organizations and representation more according to the business they are engaged in than according to the locality in which they live.

*How is it, then that the "corporate system" has been introduced only under a dictator, i.e., an absolute monarch, in Italy, Austria, Portugal?*

Because, practically, the State has to take the first step in the formation of the "corporate system": but most States were slaves to the old school of Rugged Individualism, which fought the formation of the "corporate system"; it was only when Rugged Individualism fell before the dictator that this first step could be taken by the State.

*Will a dictator be necessary in the United States for the formation of the "corporate system?"*

No; in the United States Rugged Individualism is falling before the people and the "New Deal" without a change in the form of government; and the N.R.A. was a move toward the "corporate system."

*But what about the form of government in the "orders"?*

Catholic exponents of the doctrine of the "orders" declare first of all that it should be truly representative both of employers and employees—that is, they should have equal rights in making laws, electing executives, and settling controversies; but they are free as to the manner they choose, e.g., for settling controversies. For instance, to use the old example of organized baseball, controversies are settled there by *one man*—Judge Landis; so it might be in the "orders"—but they might also choose a *board of arbitration* to settle their controversies. Note, too, that different groups within one "order" might have different forms of government—just as a village has a different form of government from a great metropolis.

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*What would be an example of the form of government by the "orders"?*

It would follow the same lines as civil government and run parallel to it—except that the central civil government, the State, would "direct, supervise, stimulate, and restrain" both the local governments and the "orders." That is, in the United States, the Federal Government would not only have charge of the "general welfare" of the forty-eight States, but also of the various "orders" which would be formed and exist parallel with the States. Thus in the "order" of manufacture, for instance, each firm in a certain *locality* would elect its officers to the "common council" of the locality—as each ward in a city elects its officers to the city council; all the manufacturing firms in a certain *region* would elect their officers to the regional council—as the electoral districts of the state vote for the governor and state legislators; and all the manufacturing firms in the *country* would elect their officers to the national council—as all the people of the country elect congressmen, senators, and the President. It seems, too, that there should be councils made up of representatives of various "orders" (as the "Catholic Code of Social Principles" says, n. 62)—chosen, perhaps, in the same way, or in any way the employers and employees want.

*Describing the relation of the "orders" to the unions, chambers of commerce, co-operatives, etc., what does Pius XI do?*

Four things: *first*, declares that within each "order" men are free to form such free associations as they please; *secondly*, referring to "Rerum Novarum" n. 42, adds that they may give them any form they please; *thirdly*, says that they may also form such associations even though they draw their membership from various "orders"; and *fourthly*, urges that such associations, already existing, be used as the means for the formation of "orders."

*What are some of these "free associations"?*

Some of those already existing in the United States are the labor unions, chambers of commerce, co-operatives, the American Medical Association, the American Bar Association, etc. One very important union to which the Pope merely refers here, is what has been called the "Catholic Guild" in the commentary on the doctrine of this Encyclical on labor unions.

*What is noteworthy about the "Catholic Guilds"?*

Three things: *first*, that they are societies of the *Catholic* workingmen who belong to neutral labor unions formed to protect the religious interests of the members, and, indirectly, to influence for justice and peace the entire labor union; *secondly*, that their formation, as far as Catholic leaders are concerned, is not free but obligatory; and *thirdly*, that their formation can serve as an immense help toward the formation of "orders"—for the present remarkable movement of the workingmen into unions in the United States seems to be dominated by the thought of *fighting* the employers, or forcing them to come to terms; this may be necessary, but if left to itself, can only perpetuate class warfare; whereas these "Catholic Guilds" can help the workingmen to see the possibilities of co-operation and peace in the unions, and so lead to the true prosperity of the "orders."

*Where did Leo XIII, "Our Predecessor," explain the unions?*

In the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum," nos. 36-44. This has been treated in a previous part of the commentary.

*What would be some association going beyond the limits of a single business?*

Such would be a craft union, of carpenters, for instance, which would com-

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prise all the carpenters whether they belonged to the mining or the manufacturing "orders": also co-operatives, especially consumers' co-operatives.

*What are some practical steps for the formation of the "orders" in the United States?*

Four steps: *first*, the formation of a new N.R.A.—by an amendment to the Constitution if necessary—which will "stimulate" the formation of "orders" with the same legal standing as that of cities, towns, villages, and *even as that of States* in the United States; *secondly*, (though simultaneously with the foregoing) promotion of the labor union movement—especially the "industrial unions," which seem better adapted to modern business and more in line with the Pope's idea of the "orders": *thirdly*, formation of the "Catholic Guilds," with a view to guiding the labor movement toward the "orders"; and *fourthly*, the drawing up, by representatives of both employers and employees in the various industries and businesses and professions of rules and regulations to govern mutual relations in their "order."

*If the "orders" will make provision for the settlement of all labor difficulties, what will be the use of labor unions within the "order"?*

There may not be any need for labor unions as far as the defense of rights is concerned; but the working men may still unite for recreational, social, benevolent, or educational purposes,—as the citizens of any city unite in various societies, such as the recreational bowling leagues—or the social "Lions"—or the benevolent "Elks," etc., etc.

*Should men wait until they can put the Pope's program into practice perfectly before they attempt to begin?*

If men always waited until they could do a thing perfectly, no good would ever be accomplished in the world. The Pope himself indicates that a beginning should be made with the existing elements. It seems unavoidable, moreover, that at the beginning and perhaps for some time the State will have to play a leading part—as it is doing in Italy, Austria, Portugal;—and to condemn this as being quite contrary to the Papal plan is somewhat inconsiderate, to say the least; for principles can hardly ever be applied in the concrete with all the ideal perfection that philosophers might like in the abstract.

*Calling for the reform of the institution of free competition as the accepted way of regulating business life, what does Pius XI do?*

Three things: *first*, shows *what* is to be reformed; *secondly*, *why* it is to be reformed; *thirdly*, *how* it is to be reformed. He gives then his general conclusion to this section on the Reform of Institutions.

*Showing "what" is to be reformed, what does Pius XI do?*

Note that the reform spoken of here, is not the reform of the relations of capital and labor; it is rather the reform of the relations existing between business men—capitalists, owners, proprietors—themselves: the same strained relations to which the Codes of Fair Competition of the United States National Recovery Administration (N.R.A.) endeavored to bring a remedy. In particular, Pius XI here does three things: *first*, states his own *general principle* that business life regulated by the principle of free competition can no more have success than society based on warring "classes" can have unity; *secondly*, states the *fact* that the principle of free competition has given rise to all the errors of economic "Individualism"; and *thirdly*, describes the evil,—free competition as the accepted

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way of regulating business life—by explaining its *fundamental principle*.

*What is meant here by "business life"?*

As has been said, the Pope is not speaking here of the relations between capital and labor, but of those between various business firms, be they great or small; these business relations between firms, companies, or stores, constitute what is called "business life."

*What is meant by "success in business life"?*

"Business life" has, of its very nature, a twofold object: 1) to supply the people at large with the material necessities and conveniences of life; and 2) to bring profit to the business men themselves. Success in business life, then, or what the Pope calls "the right order of business life," means that business life is actually being directed to this twofold object; and the true "regulating (or "directive") principle" of business life is one which guides it to this object.

*What are some of the errors of the school of economic "individualism"?*

Pius XI has already referred to some of them in "The Fortieth Year": for instance, the error that the State must do nothing whatsoever in a positive manner to build up national prosperity, but only stand back and wait until someone's rights are threatened or invaded before it can act; or the error that labor unions are to be condemned, because they hinder the freedom of employers in hiring or firing labor; or the error of the "iron law of wages" as interpreted by the Manchester School, according to which the workingmen can never aspire to any share in the profits of the business for which he works.

*How did these errors flow from the principle of free competition?*

Because according to this principle individual men are to be subjected to absolutely no control or direction by the Church, or State, or labor unions, in their economic dealings. Hence business, it is alleged, is to be absolutely free of regulation by the government; employers are to be absolutely free to hire or fire on any terms whatsoever they can make with individual workingmen; and capital is to be absolutely free to dispose of the profits of business to its own advantage. Note that the error treated in the present section of "The Fortieth Year" is just the first one—no regulation of business by the government.

*Stating the "fundamental principle of the institution of free competition," what does Pius XI do?*

Three things: *first*, indicates that the school of economic "Individualism" is the group responsible for teaching this principle; *secondly*, condemns this school for its disregard of the "social and moral side of business life" in this matter; *thirdly*, gives its teaching: 1) absolute freedom of business life from any State intervention, 2) because business will regulate itself perfectly as long as there is no intervention from human minds—whether they be those of the rulers of the country or any others.

*What is the "social side of business life"?*

It consists in everything connected with the first object of business life: "To supply the people at large with the material necessities and conveniences of life."

*What is the "moral side of business life"?*

It consists in the *right and wrong* of business life, i.e., in business dealings insofar as they help or hinder those concerned in keeping the moral law and saving their immortal souls. On this point see the Introduction to Chapter Two of "The Fortieth Year."

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*On what grounds do the economic "Individualists" say that business will regulate itself perfectly if left alone by created minds?*

They applied the alleged law of "the survival of the fittest" from the physical world to the economic world; French economists formulated it in the famous phrase: "*Laissez faire, laissez passer, et le monde va de soi*"—let every one do as he pleases, and everything will turn out for the very best; and in this form it was held up as an inexorable economic law. The Pope would seem to indicate that they consider it an "uncreated" law, since they held that all "created minds" should bow before it.

*Is "laissez faire, etc." really an economic law?*

Pius XI says in the Introduction to Chapter Two of "The Fortieth Year," that no "economic law" is a law in the true sense, but only a statement of "what objects" are attainable or not, and what means are practicable for human effort in the economic field; but "*laissez faire*" is not even a true economic law, for it states that the economic object of "everything turning out for the very best" was attainable only by "letting everyone do as he pleased"; whereas, as the Pope shows directly, the very opposite would be a true statement of the case: let everyone do as he pleases, and everything will turn out for the very worst.

*Does the Pope teach, then, that there is to be no self-regulation, or self-government in business?*

Not at all; what he teaches is that the principle of free competition alone will not regulate, but *destroy* business; what he actually calls for is precisely a true principle of self-government in business, as will be seen directly.

*Does the Pope condemn all free competition?*

No; he says expressly that free competition, "when kept within due limits, is right and proper and of great advantage to the business world"; what he condemns is the foolish and unreasonable claim that free competition alone, to the exclusion of any thought or help or "economic planning" by any created mind whatsoever, can bring success to business life.

*Does the Pope teach that the State is to do all the "economic planning," or regulating of business life?*

No; he teaches that business should do its own "economic planning," but that the State, here as elsewhere in public life, should exercise its proper function of safeguarding and protecting. This will be explained later.

*Showing "why" the institution of free competition as the regulating principle of business life is to be reformed, what does Pius XI do in general?*

He shows that as a matter of fact free competition has not succeeded in accomplishing either of the two objects of business life: i.e., it has brought misery instead of prosperity to the people at large, and has brought bankruptcy instead of profit to many business men.

*How does he show this in particular?*

By doing three things: first, he admits that free competition is right and advantageous if limited by something outside itself; secondly, shows that free competition as a matter of fact has failed as the sole regulating principle of business (he develops this more in detail a little later in the Encyclical); and thirdly, states that the offspring of free competition, namely, economic domination, cannot regulate business life because it is "blind and reckless" (this too is developed a little later).

# *Catholic Anecdotes*



## **PROBING THE EXCUSE**

When Father Louis Baudouin was curé of Chavagnes, he one day went up to a man who was working in a field and whom he had never seen at Mass. The priest spoke sympathetically to him of his affairs, and added that he prayed every day that God would bless and prosper him. He received a blasphemous answer for his pains.

Not in the least discouraged, he continued to urge the man to place his confidence in God. "And you know," he added, "we are all of us under an obligation to hear Mass on Sundays."

"But," argued the man, "how am I to get there? I have a large family, and I must work for their support."

"How much do you earn a day?" asked the priest.

"About two francs."

"Well, my friend, go to Mass on Sundays, and every time you assist at it, I will give you two francs."

The man agreed. On three consecutive Sundays he went to Mass. and each time he received the stipulated sum. Finally, however, a sense of shame overcame him; he went to Father Baudouin, and handing back the six francs he had received, said:

"Take it, Father; I can do very well without it. I am not so badly off as I said. I will go to Mass all the same."

## **THE CUP AND THE FALCON**

It is an old legend, but a beautiful and pointed one. Sir Brasil, a brave knight, was very tired one day after hunting long. His falcon, as it rested on his wrist was tired too; and so the knight, when he sat down to rest, released the bird.

There happened to be a pure stream of water issuing from the rock near by, and Sir Brasil, making a cup of the bugle he wore, filled it from the spring and was about to drink when the falcon with a sudden leap dashed it from his hands.

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Again he filled the cup, and again the falcon caused it to spill before he could drink.

Angered at this he cried out: "I will wring thy neck, if thou dost that again."

Then he filled the cup a third time, and a third time the falcon dashed it from his lips.

At that Sir Brasil struck the bird, and it fell dead at his feet. Then, looking up, he saw that a large serpent overhanging the rocks, was dropping poison from his fangs into the spring.

"The falcon saved my life," he said in sorrow, "and I have taken his."

Legend or no — there are many who would destroy the very person or thing that seeks to save them.

## FAITH BY READING

General Rosecrans of Civil War fame himself once told the story of his conversion to the Catholic faith. He and a brother officer were one day walking; the road was in a horrible condition, and at one point where it was particularly bad, a plank had been laid for foot passengers. Just as he and his companion got on it they perceived a poor man coming towards them and nearly half-way over; but as soon as he saw them he walked back to allow them to pass.

The general turned to thank him for his politeness, and, seeing he carried a peddler's pack, asked what he had. The man replied: "I am selling Catholic books."

It happened that the general had often heard that Catholics had many dark secrets which they kept to themselves, so he said to his companion:

"We have heard awful things of these papists; let us see what they have to say for themselves." With that he bought a copy of "The Catholic Christian Instructed" for himself and one for his friend.

They studied the books with so much interest that before long both became Catholics, and the second officer joined the Paulist Fathers. The wife of General Rosecrans felt his change of religion very deeply, but before long she too embraced the faith. One of their sons later became a Paulist father, and two of their daughters joined the Ursuline Sisters.

# *Pointed Paragraphs*

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## WHITHER THE CATHOLIC PRESS?

At the side of my desk, as I write these lines, there is a stack of 66 Catholic magazines. They represent American and foreign periodicals; missionary, devotional and cultural publications; monthly and weekly organs of Catholic journalism.

On the other side of my desk stands a group of less than a dozen secular journals and magazines. Popular, scientific and cultural periodicals are represented. But the circulation of the less than a dozen secular publications is about six times greater than that of the 66 Catholic magazines taken together.

Is this something that must be—or will always be? Is it due to the inexplicable lure exercised over fallen human nature, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, by what is secular, worldly, indifferent to religious principle, pagan? Is it due to the universal inferiority of the Catholic product according to the standards of art, literature, journalism? Is it due to the lack of good Catholic writers who have the courage (it requires a lot!) to turn down the handsome monetary offers of the secular journals and sell their masterpieces for a song—and for the benefit of religion? Is it due to the poor character of our general Christian culture in this country, to the effect that Catholics see no reason for supporting Catholic literature?

Perhaps some day, some penetrating observer will write a book (it will be a large one) answering all these questions. We confess, in this Catholic Press month of 1937, to facing the problem in something of a daze.

But this much we know: despite all its problems and difficulties the Catholic Press shall go on and on, and some day soon it will come into its own. That will be when the present principles of our civilization will crack society still more widely open; when the decay that penetrating minds are observing now will develop into violent gangrene; when all the prophets of freedom and New Thought and degeneracy will have been silenced by the falling of their own houses about their ears; when the survivors of the wreckage will stand in its ruins and look once more to Christ with these childlike words:

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"To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

When that day arrives, the Catholic Press will come fully into its own.

### RECIPES FOR LENT

The newspapers will soon begin to carry on their domestic pages various recipes for Lenten fare. Delicate new ways of preparing fish; tasty salads and soups; unusual combinations intended to compensate by quality for what should, according to the Lenten spirit, be denied the appetite in quantity. Implicit in all this will be the kind reminder of the sacrifice that should be the synonym of Lent.

But there should also be recipes for the nourishment of the soul during the holy season. Garnished with quiet meditation, spiced with strong resolves, these should consist in thought-provoking passages or prayers adopted to stimulate and strengthen the soul. Like a cook, who after one day's work sits down before retiring and prepares a menu for the morrow, a person could well afford to sit down each evening of Lent and adopt a thought to be kept prominently before the mind throughout the following day.

There are many sources from which such daily recipes could be drawn. To the lover of private research, the Gospels, the Imitation of Christ, meditation books will yield many appropriate ones. But here's a suggestion easy to follow and fruitful of results.

Sit down each evening before retiring. Open your English Missal and turn to the Mass for the next day. Take a small card and write out on it only the Collect of that Mass. When the morrow arrives, place that card where you will see it most often—on the desk in your office, or before the bench at which you work, or, if you are a housewife, on the kitchen table. Read it slowly as a prayer a dozen or so times during the day.

How appropriate for the purpose of keeping one mindful of Lent these Collects are, may be seen from the first three of the season:

*Ash Wednesday:* Grant, O Lord, that thy faithful people may begin the venerable solemnities of fasting with suitable piety, and carry them through with tranquil devotion. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Thursday:* O God, Who by sin art offended and by penance appeased: favorably hear the prayers of thy suppliant people, and turn

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away the scourges of thine anger, which we have deserved by our sins. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Friday:* Look down with favor, we beseech thee, O Lord, upon the fast we have begun, that fulfilling this observance with our body, we may accomplish it with a sincere heart. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

### A LESSON FROM CHINA

It takes a foreign missionary to teach the home missionary spirit. We in this country should be ashamed to read of the pledge taken by the Chinese convert parishioners of the Rev. John D. Gallagher in Kaying, South China, for the year 1937. The pledge reads:

"I promise to do my best during the coming year to bring in one pagan friend to visit the church, to study the doctrine that he may be baptized if possible, that you, Infant Jesus, may be loved the more."

Why couldn't we, who have lived for years in the midst of non-Catholic and near-pagan friends and neighbors, many of whom would heed the merest breath of a suggestion, have thought of such a yearly resolve long ago? We are afraid of the suggestion of proselytizing. We are almost eager to hide our religion. We are loathe to disturb those who are in error with the startling vision of truth. We are selfish and slothful and so afraid of what will be said about us even though it be untrue.

But, though the thought is foreign born, it can be made eminently native here.

"I promise to do my best this year to bring in one non-Catholic friend to visit the church or to study her doctrine." Look over the field of your acquaintances. If you get right down to it, does not the question become, not "Whom can I invite" — but "Where shall I start?" Look over the various circumstances that arise in a year's time: if again and again the occasion does not arise to say a word or two or slip in an invitation to the church that will not seem out of place at all — why, you live in a strangely isolated world.

I promise. . . .

# ✠ ————— LIGUORIANA ————— ✠

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### HOPE: PLEASING TO GOD

The virtue of hope is so pleasing to God that he has declared

that he feels delight in those who trust in him: *The Lord taketh pleasure in them that hope in His Mercy.* And he

promises victory over his enemies, perseverance in grace, and eternal glory, to the man who hopes, because he hopes: *Because he hoped in Me, I will deliver him. I will protect him. . . . I will deliver him and I will glorify him. Preserve me, for I have put my trust in Thee. He will save them, because they have hoped in Him. No one hath hoped in the Lord, and hath been confounded.* And let us be sure that the heavens and earth will fail, but the promises of God cannot fail: *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.* St. Bernard, therefore, says that all our merit consists in reposing all our confidence in God: "This is the whole merit of man, if he places all his hope in him." The reason is, that he who hopes in God honors him much: *Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.* He honors the power, the mercy, and the faithfulness of God; since he believes that God can and will save him; and that he cannot fail in his promises to save the man who trusts in him. And the Prophet assures us that the greater is our confidence, the greater will be the measure of God's mercy poured out upon us: *Let Thy mercy, O*

*Lord, be upon us, as we have hoped in Thee.*

### JESUS OUR ONLY HOPE

*There is no salvation in any other.* St. Peter says that all our

salvation is in Jesus Christ, who, by means of the cross, of Jesus Christ" where he sacrificed his life for us, opened us a way for hoping for every blessing from God, if we would be faithful to his commands.

Let us hear what St. John Chrysostom says of the cross: "The cross is the hope of Christians, the staff of the lame, the comfort of the poor, the destruction of the proud, the victory over the devils, the guide of youth, the rudder of sailors, the refuge of those who are in danger, the counsellor of the just, the rest of the afflicted, the physician of the sick, the glory of the martyrs." The cross, that is, Jesus Crucified, is —

The *hope* of the faithful, because if we had not Jesus Christ we should have no hope of salvation.

It is the *staff* of the lame, because we are all lame in our present state of corruption. We should have no strength to walk in the way of salvation except that which is communicated to us by the grace of Jesus Christ.

It is the *comfort* of the poor, which we all are, for all we have we have from Jesus Christ.

It is the *destruction* of the proud, for the followers of the Crucified cannot be proud, seeing him dead as a malefactor upon the cross.

It is *victory* over the devils, for the very sign of the cross is sufficient to drive them from us.

It is the *instructor* of the young, for admirable is the teaching which they who are beginning to walk in the ways of God learn from the cross.

It is the *rudder* of mariners, and guides us through the storms of this present life.

It is the *refuge* of those in danger, for they who are in peril of perishing, through temptations of strong passions, find a secure harbor by flying to the cross.

It is the *counsellor* of the just, for how many saints learned wisdom from the cross, that is, from the troubles of this life.

It is the *rest* of the afflicted, for where can they find greater relief than in contemplating the cross, on which a God suffers for the love of them?

It is the *physician* of the sick, for when they embrace it, they are healed of the wounds of the soul.

It is the *glory* of the martyrs, for to be made like Jesus Christ, the King of Martyrs, is the greatest joy they can possess.

#### MARY'S HOPE

The most holy Virgin gave a clear indication of the greatness of her confidence in God, in the first place, when she saw the anxiety of her holy spouse St. Joseph. Unable to account for her wonderful pregnancy, he was troubled at the thought of leaving her: *But Joseph . . . minded to put her away privately.* It appeared then necessary that she should discover the hidden mystery to St. Joseph; but no, she would not herself manifest the grace she received; she thought it better to abandon herself to divine Providence, in the full confidence

that God himself would defend her innocence and reputation.

Mary again showed her confidence in God when she knew that the time for the birth of our Lord approached, and was yet driven even from the lodgings of the poor in Bethlehem, and was obliged to bring forth in a stable: *And she laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn.* She did not then let drop a single word of complaint, but abandoning herself to God, she trusted that he would there assist her.

The divine Mother also showed how great was her confidence in divine Providence when she received notice from St. Joseph that they must fly into Egypt. On that very night she undertook so long a journey to a strange and unknown country without provisions, without money, accompanied only by her infant Jesus and her poor spouse, *who arose and took the Child and His Mother by night, and retired into Egypt.*

But much more did she show her confidence when she asked her Son for wine at the marriage-feast of Cana; for when she had said, *they have no wine*, Jesus answered her, *Woman, what is it to thee and to Me? My hour is not yet come.* After this answer, which seemed an evident refusal, her confidence in the divine goodness was such that she desired the servants to do whatever her Son told them; for the favor was certain to be granted: *Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye.* It indeed was so. Jesus Christ ordered the vessels to be filled with water, and changed it into wine.

My hope art thou, O Mary blest,  
Sweet star of life's dark sea;  
Ah, guide me safe to port of rest,  
And open heaven to me.

# Book Reviews

## DEVOTION

*Tales of the Blessed Sacrament*, in Devotion, Figure and Symbol, by Father Desmond Murray, O.P. Published by Herder 121 pages. Price, \$1.00.

While the Blessed Sacrament is the great mystery of faith, history and liturgy have surrounded it with so many and so varied visible tokens and symbols that faith is made easy. The author of this book, in an enthusiastic style, describes some of these reminders and reveals of the inexhaustible mystery. Bethlehem, he shows, means the "House of Bread," providential birthplace of the Christ of the Eucharist. The Living Fire which came down among the Jews from heaven and never died out, was a forceful type of the perpetual Real Presence on our altars. Medieval tabernacles were made in the form of a Dove, thus enshrining the Eucharist in the symbol of the Holy Spirit Who was instrumental in the conception of Jesus in the womb of Mary. The Sanctuary Lamp, the Altar, the Chalice, these and other topics are made fruitful of faith's realization. The title of the book is misleading and is corrected by the author in his preface, which need not have been if a more proper title had been chosen. Proof-readers mistakes are too common in the text.

—D. F. M.

*Our Lady of Tears*. By Father Gereon Stack, C.M.M. Published by the Marian-hill Mission Society, 7911 Ann Arbor Trail, Dearborn, Mich. 86 pages. Price, 50 cents.

In the year 1815, Our Lord appeared to Mother Maria Rofols, Spanish founder of the Congregation known as the Sisters of Charity of Holy Ann, and prophesied certain future events. Among the words the Sister took down were the following: "When my children will be severely persecuted and when they will be confused and filled with fears in the conflicts into which they will be thrust by the enemy who is determined to efface religion and obliterate even my Name from the face of the earth, when this epoch approaches which evidently will begin in the year

*Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.*

1931, it is My wish that all My sons, the children who have cost me so dearly, should lift up their souls and place their full confidence in Me and in My most Holy Mother." In the year 1930, Our Lady

appeared to another Spanish nun, Sister Amalia of Jesus Scourged, in Brazil, and revealed to her the devotion and rosary of Our Lady in Tears, evidently that it might be a comfort and help for the difficult years Spain was about to endure. The devotion immediately took hold, and is the popular mainstay of faithful Christians in war-torn Spain at the present time. All this is told in this handsome little volume dedicated to the Blessed Mother. Besides presenting the timely story of the origin of the devotion to Our Lady of Tears, the author tells the stories of other appearances of the Blessed Mother through history. It is well written and will be a genuine addition to the libraries of lovers of Mary.

—D. F. M.

## MUSIC

*Requiem, Libera and the Prescribed Chants*. By the Rev. Carlo Rossini. Published by J. Fischer and Bro., 119 W. 40th St., New York. Price, 80 cents. Voice part, 25 cents.

For accomplished choirs that desire to have a variety of Requiem Mass chants, this will be a welcome addition. It is in accord with all the regulations, and above all the spirit, of true Gregorian chant, and is instinct with original inspiration. Note that it is recommended especially to accomplished choirs; it would be unfair to ask those not so advanced to turn from the simple commonly used Gregorian Mass chant to something new that they could not render well. — G. H. S.

*Missa "Salve Regina"*. By the Rev. Carlo Rossini. Published by J. Fischer and Brother. Price, 80 cents. Voice parts, each, 15 cents.

To his list of Easy Masses Carlo Rossini has added the *Salve Regina* Mass for voices in unison. This Mass is another of the well known composer's beautiful compositions. In it he continues

what he so expertly began in other Masses, namely, selecting a Gregorian theme for each part of the Mass. His English translation of the entire text will undoubtedly help the choir to render the music with proper expression. This Mass, though it has the *Salve Regina* theme, may without question be used on any festive occasion. There is devotion in it, beauty and art, qualities which are always fitting and becoming for the House of God.—J. A. T.

*Missa "Puer Natus Est Nobis."* For Two Equal Voices with Organ. By Sister Maria Gisela, S.S.N.D. Published by J. Fischer and Bro. Price, 80 cents; voice parts, each, 35 cents.

Sister Gisela has made a name for herself in the composition of Gregorian music. The present reviewer does not find this Mass up to the standard of some of her previous work; but this may be a matter of individual taste. Certainly she is bringing out the principles of true Gregorian, and this Mass will add to their wider acceptance.

—J. A. T.

### COMMUNISM

*Facts About Communism.* By Edward Lodge Curran. Published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 160 pages. Price, 25 cents; 20 cents in hundreds.

*It Is Happening Here.* By Most Rev. J. F. Noll. Published by the Sunday Visitor Press. 68 pages. Price, single copy, 25 cents; in lots of 100 or over, 20 cents.

These are two excellent new manuals on Communism. Dr. Curran's, in question and answer form, discusses the origins of the communistic principles in the so-called philosophy of Marx and Hegel and Feuerbach and shows clearly that these principles are unreasonable assumptions, that they are self-contradictory in practice, and that they work incalculable harm to a nation or group that falls under their sway. The Catechism is divided into chapters on the Origin of Communism, the Philosophy of Communism, Communism and Religion, Communism and Morals, Communism and Economics, Communism and the United States. A study outline and a good bibliography are added. The booklet holds a wealth of material gathered from Communistic sources and from the actual history of Communism in practice in Russia. No great scholarship is needed to un-

derstand the simple presentation and therefore the book can be a splendid guide for study groups and an incentive for action against the influence of Communism for all who read it.

Bishop Noll's book is, as it were, an enlargement of Dr. Curran's chapter on Communism and the United States. It is intended to wake up those who are lulled into false security by the statement that Communism is not much of a threat in the United States. With fact and quotation he lines up the various organizations that are at least giving support to Communism here, if not actually founded to promote it. Among them are The American League Against War and Fascism, The International Labor Defense, The Farmer-Labor Party, The American Federation of Teachers, and many Youth Organizations. There is no false scare in the facts revealed. The booklet closes with a catechism on the fundamental tenets of Communism and a brief interpretation of the Spanish situation. The Spanish Civil War and its slow secret preparation through many years from the bureau of the Third International at Moscow should be sufficient example to motivate every thinking American citizen to take the two booklets reviewed here, absorb their contents, and then stand to fight every encroachment of the international marauder, Communism.—D. F. M.

*Social Concepts and Problems.* Compiled and Published by St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., 1936. 131 pp. Single copies, 35 cents postpaid.

*Social Concepts and Problems* is designed as a manual for adult study clubs. It is the first book of a series which carries the name *The Social Problem*. It contains studies of modern civilization, Individualism, human rights, American Constitutional rights, private ownership, ownership and corporations, and the family. They are in general very informative and fundamental; the article on "Ownership and Corporations" in particular is factual and interesting. We would only question Dom Virgil Michel's phrase: "*Moral* right to goods." This seems redundant and confusing, since every right is a *moral* power; and to bring the idea of the obligations of ownership into its very concept is something that Pius XI warns against in "*Quadragesimo Anno*."—R. J. M.



## Catholic Events



### Places:

From *Rome*, comes official news as to the fate of Redemptorist affairs in Spain:

At *Barcelona*, on July 19th, the feast of the Most Holy Redeemer, the Redemptorists gathered and renewed their vows together. Then they donned secular garb and left the monastery to go into hiding. Soon after their flight, the house and church they had left was burned to the ground by the Reds. The Church was a provisory one, having been converted from a large garage, but had been the scene of great devotion: in 1933, the number of Communion received was 92,000; in 1934 — 122,500; in 1935 — 157,000, i.e., about 3,000 a week. The Rector of the house, who had founded a sodality for workers, was especially sought by the Reds, but escaped the country in an Italian vessel.

At *Coruna*, a new Redemptorist house was burnt early in the Civil War. On July 22 the nationalists entered the city and rebuilding operations were at once begun.

In *Madrid*, the Redemptorist house and church of our Mother of Perpetual Help were occupied by the Communists in September, and it is almost certain that two of the Fathers, together with the layman who had harbored them in his house, were cruelly put to death. The fate of 20 other Redemptorists in different parts of Spain is unknown and it is feared that they too have suffered martyrdom.

In all of *Spain*, approximately 20,000 churches and convents have been burned or sacked, according to documented reports given by *La Croix du Midi*, published at Toulouse, which obtained information directly from refugees from Spain. It also reports that no definite figures as to the number of priests and nuns murdered are possible; it estimates that in Barcelona alone 1,400 priests were killed by the Reds.

In *Russia*, a new wave of extreme religious persecution has broken out, according to the *Slovo* of Warsaw. It reports that 80 priests in Moscow, 110 in Leningrad, and 95 in Kiev have been arrested for trying to organize services for the repose of the soul of Msgr. Antony Khrapovitsky who died recently. Bishop Yaroslavsky and 15 of his priests have been arrested for alleged criticism of the Soviet regime, and three more bishops are slated for execution. In Moscow there are only 38 priests at liberty and 168 churches have been closed since 1918.

In *Switzerland*, Dr. *Guiseppa Motta*, a Catholic, has been elected president of the Swiss Confederation for his fifth term. Between terms, there has always been an interval because Swiss law forbids re-election of the president except after an intervening term. Dr. Motta heads the Swiss delegation to the League of Nations and is a strong advocate of neutrality as well as a vigorous opponent of Soviet Russia.

In *India*, the Most Rev. Mar Ivanios, archbishop of Trivandrum, reports that 22,914 of his former schismatic co-religionists have become Catholics since he himself was converted in September, 1930. A total of 9,331 were received into the Church during the year ending June 30, 1936.

In *France*, the Protestant Union of Reformed Churches has joined with the Catholics in celebrating a Church Unity Octave for the reunion of Christendom.

The Council of the Union has directed that the 4th Sunday after Christmas be observed as a special day of prayer to this end.

In *England*, the House of Lords voted down the bill to legalize euthanasia ("mercy-killing" of the incurable and insane) by a vote of 35 to 14.

In *Holland*, the Catholic Staatspartij, the strongest political party in the country, has gained strength from the example of the turmoil in Spain. All rightist parties in Holland are beginning to see that only by coalition according to principles based on Christian ideals can the peace of the nation be insured.

In the *United States*, the receipts of the Catholic Church Extension Society reached the million mark in 1936 for the first time since before the depression. Of this million, \$500,000 was disbursed to needy home mission, and \$500,000 was received in the form of annuities. At the 31st annual meeting of the Society, 55 bishops were present and Cardinal Mundelein presided. The Most Rev. Wm. D. O'Brien, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, was reappointed president for another five years.

**Persons:**

*The Rev. William Brinkman*, German Redemptorist who is serving a prison sentence under the Nazis for violation of the foreign currency laws, celebrated his Silver Sacerdotal jubilee in prison. He was allowed to celebrate Mass in his cell on the occasion and the nine priests imprisoned with him surrounded the altar and received Holy Communion. By special permission his brother was allowed to spend half an hour with him on his jubilee.

*Brother Andre, C.S.C.*, saintly promoter of the internationally known shrine of St. Joseph on Mount Royal at Montreal, Quebec, died at the age of 91 on January 6th. He is credited with having given a new modern impetus to devotion to St. Joseph, and many miraculous favors were attributed during his lifetime to his prayers.

*James A. Flaherty*, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus from 1919 to 1921, one of Philadelphia's leading lawyers, died at the age of 83 on January 2nd. He was responsible in large part for the celebrated record of service rendered by the Knights of Columbus during the World War, and had been signally honored by President Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the Navy.

*Five Carmelite nuns* arrived in New York recently, after escaping from Spain. Their convent had been burned and they had no knowledge of the fate of the other 17 nuns who were with them in the Carmelite convent at Burriana. Their destination was the Carmelite convent in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Suffering from shock and sorrow, they were unable to say much about their experiences in Spain.

*Ten young men and young women*, students at the University of Illinois, made solemn profession of faith and were received into the Church on December 13th by the chaplain of the University, Rev. Dr. John A. O'Brien. Over 1,000 students packed St. John's Church for the ceremonies.

*The United States Recruiting Office* has reprinted on an attractive placard the famous order of General George Washington against profanity and is circulating it among all recruiting officers. In the order Washington "hopes the officers will by example as well as influence, endeavor to check the foolish and wicked practice of cursing and swearing, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly."

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## L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s

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"I can't do a thing with Jones," said the manager. "I've had him in three departments and he dozes all day."

"Put him at the pajama counter," suggested the proprietor, "and fasten a card on him with these words: 'Our pajamas are of such superior quality that even the man who sells them cannot keep awake.'"

\*

"Jones's wife thinks the world of her husband."

"Does she?"

"Yes; she even believes the parrot taught him to swear."

\*

A man was fumbling at his keyhole in the small hours of the morning. A policeman saw the difficulty and came to the rescue.

"Can I help you find the keyhole sir?" he asked.

"Thash all right, old man," said the other cheerily, "you jush t hol' the housh shtill and I can manage."

\*

Customer (having rough shave): "I say barber, have you got another razor?"

Barber: "Yes, why?"

Customer: "I want to defend myself."

\*

Larry (encouraging his companion to ignore a vicious dog, impeding the way): "What's the matter, Anderson? Surely you're not afraid of a little dog, are you?"

Anderson: "Vell, you'd be afraid of him, too, if you vere as low down as I am."

\*

Customer: "Ginger ale."

Waiter: "Pale?"

Customer: "Good gracious, no. Just a glass."

\*

"Yes," said the meek little man at the quick-lunch counter, "I take my meals at a restaurant every chance I get."

"Prefer restaurant cooking to the wife's, eh?" queried his friend.

"No, I can't say that I do," returned the meek little man, "but I can give orders at a restaurant."

Nibbs: "So you are undertaking to keep bees?"

Farmer Cornassel: "Yes, I don't want to miss anything, and I've been stung every other way I know of."

\*

Jimmy: "Mother, I was playing in the yard and knocked the ladder down."

Mother: "Have you told daddy?"

Jimmy: "He knows it. He's hanging to the edge of the roof!"

\*

"Hey, dar, Mose! Whut yo-all runnin' fo'?"

"I's gwine t' stop a big fight."

"Who's fightin'?"

"Jes' me an' another feller."

\*

Mother-in-law: "That's a cute little tree on the lawn, John. It's only a foot high."

Son-in-law: "Yes, I just planted it. I hope that the next time you come you'll be able to sit in its shade."

\*

Lady: "Little man, does your mother know you smoke?"

Little Man: "Does your husband know that you speak to strange men on the street?"

\*

"It's high time you were insured, sir."

"Why?"

"You are sitting on the heavy-weight champion's hat."

\*

An English gentleman, lately arrived in China, sent for his native cook to congratulate him upon an exceptionally tasty dinner.

"I hope, Kong Ho, you did not kill one of those dogs to provide the soup," he laughingly remarked, referring to China's pariah dogs.

Kong Ho made a solemn gesture of dissent.

"Me no kill dog, master," he declared. "Him all dead when I pick him up."

\*

Percy: "Do you exercise after your bath, or before it?"

Jimmie: "After. I usually step on the soap when I get out of the tub and dance all over the place."





